

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XV., NO. 4456

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899.

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Parents are advised that we have at hand for vacation use all the necessary garments for the boys. Strong, durable suits and odd pants, blouses, overalls, shirts and stockings.

For small boys a large line of wash suits and blouses.

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GOLF GOODS LAWN TENNIS

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GUILTY.

Parks Convicted of Murder in The First Degree.

THE JURY REACHES A VERDICT AFTER THREE AND ONE-HALF HOURS

Judge Emery Files Exceptions, And The Case Goes To Supreme Court.

Prisoner Remanded to Alfred Jail to Await the Result.

ALFRED, Me., June 15.—The fate of Frank Parks, the Kittery murderer, was placed in the hands of the jury at 12:15 this noon.

The same large crowd of spectators was in attendance and as an evidence of the intense interest manifested in the case most of the witnesses from Kittery and Portsmouth remained at Alfred after they had been discharged, to learn the result of the trial.

During the forenoon, while the counsel argued and the judge charged the jury, Parks sat with his head resting in his hand and his eyes fixed intently upon the speakers.

He maintained the air of unconcern which he has worn all the time and evidently does not realize his position.

The jury retired at 12:15 and it was the confident expectation about the court room that a verdict would be returned early in the afternoon and that the verdict would find Parks guilty of murder in the first degree.

After being out three and one-half hours the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Parks manifested no emotion. Judge Emery filed a bill of exceptions, which were allowed, and Parks was remanded to jail.

When court came in this morning, Judge Emery, the prisoner's counsel, began his argument. He complimented County Attorney Mathews for his conduct of the case. He said that the defence was required to prove by a preponderance of evidence that the prisoner was insane. He argued that this had been done and that it had been shown that the prisoner was the victim of the disease of inebriety. He referred to his condition on the day of the murder and stated that he had drank a quart and a half of liquor that day.

He called attention to his conduct after the murder. He had not attempted to escape and had travelled the main street when he fled from the house, instead of taking to the woods, which were near by. His whole conduct subsequent to the murder had indicated that he did not realize the terrible crime that he had committed. Judge Emery closed with an eloquent appeal for mercy, his argument lasting one hour.

Attorney General Haines followed for the state. His duty, though unpleasant, was simple, and he did not consider that a long argument was required. Drunkenness was no excuse for crime, he said. The insanity of the prisoner had not been proven. It was not the purpose of the state to require blood for blood, but the community must be protected and criminals punished for example. Speaking of Parks' future, upon which Judge Emery had eloquently dwelt, he asked: "For God's sake, what is his future?"

The evidence had been to prove that Parks was an inebriate, not a dipsomaniac. What had really been shown was that he was a common drunkard. He called the jurors' attention to the fact that the sentence was the same, whether the prisoner was found guilty of murder in the first or in the second degree. The attorney general also paid a high compliment to County Attorney Mathews, and stated that all the credit for preparing the case belonged to him.

At ten minutes of eleven Judge Emery began his charge to the jury. The charge was lucid and explicit. The law was laid down and the difference between malice, expressed and implied, was explained. When malice expressed was proven the verdict must be for murder in the first degree. When the crime of robbery was connected with murder the sentence must be for life or for a term of years. The burden of

proof of the commission of the crime was upon the state. The burden of proof of the insanity of the prisoner was on the defence. The case was then given to the jury.

The prisoner was remanded to Alfred jail to await the sitting of the supreme court at Portland in July.

Parks received the announcement of the verdict with the indifference that he has exhibited throughout the trial, and the members of his family, father, mother and brother, who were present, showed but little emotion, but a man named Oscar Gitchell, however, who had no connection with the case, fainted away and was carried from the court room.

It is understood that on the first ballot two of the jurors stood out for a verdict of murder in the second degree.

POURING OIL ON DUSTY RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania railroad officials are enthusiastic over the new system of sprinkling the roadbed with crude petroleum to lay the dust. The entire Pennsylvania Railroad system will be oiled where it is not stone ballasted.

The idea of oiling the roadbed originated in California, but was never much used there or anywhere else. Chief Engineer Nichols of the Pennsylvania road was confronted with one of the dirtiest railroads in the country. Trains running at the rate of a mile a minute ploughed through clouds of flying sand, which choked and blinded the unhappy passengers. Mr. Nichols in looking around for some remedy for this tried the petroleum process, and it was a magnificent success.

The principal is similar to that by which streets are sprinkled with water. A large oil tank filled with the residuum of crude petroleum is hauled on a flat car as a basis of supply. Another flat car is fitted up with sprinkling apparatus. The oiling pipes or sprinklers are three. Two project eight feet on either side of the car, oiling the roadbed for that distance. While the other oils the space between the two tracks. A hood comes down and completely projects the tracks themselves from receiving any oil. The oiling of the track would make awkward complications in case any of the trains had to stop in a hurry.

The projecting oil pipes are so arranged that they can be drawn in alongside of the car in case of obstructions along the route. The oil train runs at the rate of four miles an hour. Engineer Nichols, who devised and patented the oil car, says that more than 2,000 miles of road has been oiled. The Atchison company has just closed a contract to use it on the dust laden alkali plains, where passengers are almost stifled in the dry weather.

It is claimed on behalf of the oil that it saves wear and tear on the running parts of the rolling stock; protects the draperies in cars and the contents of freight cars from destruction by dust; prevents vegetation from growing on the roadbed and saves track labor. It increases, of course, the comfort of passengers by eliminating the dust, and it is said that when it is used washouts are rarer, as it causes the ground to shed the water.

Mr. Nichols uses the lowest cost oil. About 2,000 gallons are needed for a mile of single track and the whole treatment costs from \$50 to \$80 a mile. After one year, it is said, the road can be kept oiled at an annual cost of about \$20 per mile of single track. Railroad men regard the cost as infinitesimal compared with its advantages, and perhaps it will not be long before all the companies are advertising "Coal oil flyers," "Petroleum specials" and "Kerosene Limited."

The New York Central railroad is about to experiment with oil. It will begin with a ten-mile section of track near Poughkeepsie, which is especially dusty. Eighteen thousand gallons of oil will be dabbed over this section, and if the results are satisfactory the company will oil its entire line.

This is the process which the Boston and Maine railroad is adopting. Some fifteen miles of its roadbed have been treated in this manner, and very successfully. The oil will undoubtedly be applied to the entire Boston and Maine system.

BOUGHT A PAIR OF HORSES.

The Strafford County commissioners during their visit to this city on Thursday purchased a pair of work horses for the county farm, of Edgar D. Stoddard. The horses are six and seven years old, weighing 2,400 pounds, and are well matched chestnuts.

OLD HOME WEEK

Being Quite Favorably Considered In This City.

GREET RETURNING ONES.

Governor Rollins Favors a Central Celebration.

The committee of the New Hampshire Old Home Week association met at the council chamber at the state house in Concord Thursday evening, Gov. Frank W. Rollins presiding. Reports received from various sections of the state and from New Hampshire people residing in other states, showed that a surprising amount of interest has already been created in the unique celebration. Arrangements were made for distribution of a large amount of Old Home week literature among the state's absent sons and daughters, and steps were taken to procure a special emblem for Old Home week. Letters were read from prominent citizens of western states approving of plans and expressing a purpose to revisit the scenes of their boyhood and early manhood.

It was decided to look for special railroad rates between all points in the state for the week of August 26 to September 10. It was apparent to the committee that the number of visitors to be attracted to the State Old Home week would number many thousands, and the importance of earnest work in preparing fitting local celebrations was fully realized.

Reports from various towns showed steps already being taken to secure the presence of speakers of some of the most distinguished orators of the country. The members of the committee present were Governor Rollins, N. J. Dabholder of Andover, Col. W. H. Stinson of Danbury and Gen. H. H. Dudley, H. H. Metcalf and E. N. Pearson of Concord.

The observance of "An Old Home Week" is being quite favorably discussed by the public, ever since the matter was talked over at a meeting held in Concord, June 6. At that time the subject was explained by his excellency, Governor Rollins, and his views of the matter were agreed to by an attendance at the meeting of some of the best known people in the state.

A Herald reporter found this morning that the "Old Home" idea is very favorably regarded here in Portsmouth. Mayor Page, City Clerk Marcy, a majority of the aldermen and other city officials all think that it is an excellent idea to attract the sons and daughters of New Hampshire to their old homes once a year.

Governor Rollins may rest assured that this city will do all in its power to help along the plan, and it is probable that the children of New Hampshire will flock back to the old Granite State by the thousand on the days set for the joyful reunion this summer.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Over three hundred thousand dollars' worth of new supplies were bought for the constitution department this week. Pay Director Bellows will move his family from Wolfboro here.

The new dynamos are about ready to start.

Foreman Bickford of the steam engineering department has a force of men on the Raleigh.

Captain P. F. Harrington is acting as commandant this week.

Two launch engines are being built for the Havana station.

An increase is to be made in the clerical force of the yard.

Over six hundred men are now carried on the yard rolls.

The plan for the new dock will be forwarded here next week.

AN AMPUTATION.

Albert Moulton of York, who recently had an operation performed upon his foot for gangrene, had his foot amputated on Monday afternoon by Drs. Haffenger and Towle at the Cottage Hospital. The hospital physicians found that this was the only chance of saving his life, because it had been neglected so long a time, while the attending doctor was determining the nature of the disease. Mr. Moulton is improving and will probably recover.—York Courant.

BROWN STILL MISSING.

Selectmen Looking For Tax Collector of Seabrook.

The shortage in the accounts of Lincoln L. Brown, tax collector of Seabrook, is reported to be between fifteen hundred and twenty five hundred dollars. Brown has been collector of taxes for three years previous to the March election this year.

Last March, just before the town meeting, it was discovered that there was a shortage in Brown's accounts, and at that time it was announced that if given a short time the amount would be made good, and the matter was not pushed at that time. The boardmen appeared very anxious to have Brown granted time to fix up the matter, he giving them a mortgage on his place.

Brown is still evading the clutches of the authorities, but he is believed to be in concealment near Seabrook.

The selectmen of Seabrook discovered Brown's shortage last May. His own books show he is short. They gave him every chance in their power to turn over the money, but he did not have it and told them so. He said he had used it, but would try to raise it. He owns a small farm in Seabrook and his bondsmen compelled him to deed that to them, which he has done as a partial security to them; and had he remained in town and acted right toward the bondsmen and selectmen, no suit would probably have been brought against him.

The process which he is now dodging is a capias writ for embezzlement.

There is no sufficient bond to cover the taxes for one of the three years. His bonds are for \$5000 and \$3000 and these being broken, the law requires that the writs be made for the full amount of \$8000, the actual deficit to be assessed by the court.

Much pressure is brought upon the selectmen to take vigorous means to find Brown. Several parties claim to know where he is but will not produce him until a compromise in his interest can be effected.

STILL IN HOSPITAL.

Report That Dr. Moore Is at Work Denied.

Special to the Herald.

CONCORD, June 15.—A resident of Portsmouth, who was recently released from the state prison, is alleged to have given out a statement, which was published in a Portsmouth paper, that Dr. Moore, the Manchester ex-finance, was working at the prison.

Tonight a person who is in close touch with the prison says Dr. Moore is still in the hospital of the institution.

OBJECT TO FINES.

Weavers of Great Falls Woolen Companies on Strike.

Special to the Herald.

SOMMERSWORTH, June 15.—The weavers employed by the Great Falls Woolen company are out on strike, the difficulty being the fines system, alleged to have been established recently.

Only two of the weavers went to work Thursday morning.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

YACHT RECOVERED.

The sloop yacht Takesta, which was stolen at Salem Neck, was recovered by the owner at Kennebunk today. The yacht was here on Thursday, and this gave the owner the clew which led to its recovery.

NEWSBOYS ATTENTION!

Read What the Herald Has in Store For You.

A \$75.00 Present For Every Hustler

The army of Herald newsboys who have for years shouted their favorite paper on the street, are to be rewarded by the management.

The live newsboy is the success of a newspaper and the Herald appreciates that its faithful corps of newsboys have done much toward bringing it to the front rank as a local paper and in order to show a proper appreciation of their efforts will present all the hustlers with a new \$75.00 1899 bicycle. The winners will be decided on June 25th.

Here is the plan—Every newsboy will be given a check when he purchases his papers showing the number he buys and when all checks are turned into the office on June 25th the two boys having the largest number will be presented with a wheel bearing the name "Herald." They are beauties and can now be seen at the Herald office.

The third largest will receive an elegant camera.

The Herald will also make every boy entering the contest and who comes within half the number of the leader a liberal cash prize.

Newsboys in any of the adjoining towns are eligible to enter the contest.

CITY BRIEFS

Trout brooks are drying up. High school examinations come next week.

Hastings, Minn., which suffered so badly in the late cyclone, has several New Hampshire people as residents. A former resident of Andover was its mayor.

Thomas R. Locke has let the room he has used as a private office on Congress street to Hussey, the optician, who takes possession next Monday. Every room in the block is now let.

NO RIGHT TO UGLINESS.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Globe Grocery Co.

WHAT TOM SAYS.

Tom Marsh, when asked his opinion of Who Is It, sensibly said: "Don't know a thing about him. Maybe he will set a track after, or maybe he will be no good. He has done all he has been asked to do and so far I like him, but I am not going to build much on a California trotter the first year he comes East."

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggist's.



Queen Quality,

The Famous Shoe For Women For Street, Dress, Home and Outing.

STRONG POINTS IN QUEEN QUALITY SHOES.

They fit where others fail. They are always correct in style. They give a slender, pretty look to the foot. They are easy the first day; require no breaking in. They are light, yet durable. They retain their shape.

SOLD BY—

C. F. DUNCAN

Oxford \$2.50 Shoes \$3.

A Large Line Of THE FINEST NEW YORK STYLES FOR SPRING SUITING.

W. P. WALKER

Can Show You The Most Complete
Stock To Be Had In The City.

Look Over His Stock.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

Get a complete and up-to-date list of all the latest styles in men's suits, overcoats, and accessories, sent to you by mail for one dollar. This list is the most complete and up-to-date list of its kind, and is sent to you by mail for one dollar. It is the only list of its kind, and is sent to you by mail for one dollar. It is the only list of its kind, and is sent to you by mail for one dollar.

THE ACME QUEEN is one of the most desirable and useful of all the latest styles in men's suits, overcoats, and accessories. It is the only list of its kind, and is sent to you by mail for one dollar. It is the only list of its kind, and is sent to you by mail for one dollar. It is the only list of its kind, and is sent to you by mail for one dollar.

FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT MOORCROFT'S

AND TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Sale of Trimmed Sun Hats. Just the thing for beach wear and prices reasonable. Do not fail to examine our New Patent Leather Shoes.

12 MARKET SQUARE, PORTSMOUTH.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO -LAWRENCE- Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

LATEST DESIGNS IN
WALL PAPERS
FOR 1899.

JOSEPH E. HOXIE,
PAINTER & DECORATOR

Cor State and Pleasant Sts.,
invites the public to examine his large
line of wall paper and borders before
purchasing elsewhere.

We execute everything in the painting
and decorative line and do our work
to the satisfaction of our
customers.

Estimates cheerfully given
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and only genuine.
A safe and reliable remedy for
all cases of female weakness,
irregularity, and all ailments
connected with the female system.
Sold by all first-class druggists,
grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.



DRINK ONLY
THE PUREST
WHISKY.

WRIGHT & TAYLOR
DISTILLERS

LOUISVILLE KY.

FINE OLD KENTUCKY

Taylor Whiskey.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly
grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clouds of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never die;
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shalt inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains fargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are best;
Plant; life does the rest?
Heaven and earth help him who plants
a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.
—Lucy Larcom.

RESOLVED.

"If you please, ma'am, could I speak to you for one minute?" asked Mrs. Locksley.

Theodore Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up with large, startled eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she. "What is it?"

"It's about the rent for the rooms," Mrs. Dale said, the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk. "Two good months you've occupied 'em and it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard-working widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money. Not as I would have hurried you, ma'am, with a half-renting glance toward Theodore's deep mourning garments, while the poor major lay ill, nor yet while he was being buried, but—"

Theodore looked pained; the deep scarlet dyed her cheeks.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I was, of course, obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives, however, and I expect remittances very shortly, which—"

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips. "I've heard that some thing from my lodgers before, ma'am," said she. "All I can say is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible."

"It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail," said Theodore, her cheeks becoming even hotter than before. And the instant the door closed upon the short, stout figure of the landlady, she let her head fall upon her clasped hands, and burst into tears, tears that were almost like distilled fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodore Dale had been married only three months. She had been a schoolgirl of fifteen at Madame Bonmerci's establishment, just out of Saratoga, when Major Lionel Dale saw and admired her at the Springs. He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty with the gazelle-like eyes, scarlet lips and blue-black hair that clustered so low upon her forehead, and learned, in an incidental sort of way, that she was an orphan, training at the expense of Madame Bonmerci herself for a governess.

"Hang it!" said Major Dale, "she's too pretty for that! I'll marry her!" Little Theodore Mayder, who had scarcely left off playing with her dolls, and was heartily sick of Madame Bonmerci's exactions on the one side, and the unconscious tyranny of the children on the other, was half frightened, half pleased, when the handsome, middle-aged major proposed matrimony to her.

"But I am so young!" she pleaded, the carnations and lilies succeeding each other on her cheeks.

"You are the prettiest little half bloom rosebud in the world," the major made answer, gallantly.

Madame Bonmerci spoke a word or so of warning to her.

"My child," said she, "beware what you are about. He is three times your age—he gambles. It is true that your life now is a hard one, but—"

husband's relatives, whom she had never seen, and now, upon this October evening, she was expecting an answer to the letter.

The color mounted to her face as the postman paused under her window—she caught the letter from his hands and tore it eagerly open. It contained nothing but her own letter, returned to her with these words penciled across the envelope: "Mr. Chondos Dale's compliments to the young lady who beguiled his brother into a secret marriage, and he is confidently of opinion that her talents in the husband-hunting line need no assistance."

And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous insult, was all. Theodore sat pale and silent. She knew that her husband did not care to refer to his relatives much, generally avoiding the subject when he broached it, but she had never dreamed that he had allowed them to think her a mere adventuress who had contrived to entrap him into a disadvantageous marriage. She had long ere this discovered that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly selfish man, but she had never dreamed how selfish.

But the blow, sharp and sudden as it was, nerved her to further exertions. She put on her hat, went out to the nearest jeweler, and sold her watch and chain—Lionel's wedding present—for probably about one-third of its worth. With this she paid her bill at Mrs. Locksley's.

"Beggings pardon, ma'am," said the lodging-house keeper, "but what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to give music lessons," said Theodore.

She had a full, fresh voice, like a lark's, and she knew that she could make this one gift of God a breadwinner.

"It will be a life of drudgery," she told herself, "but I would starve sooner than apply again to the Dales for assistance."

And the years crept by and the sixteen-year-old widow who stormed the citadel of fortune so bravely won the day!

"Signora Theodore Dalli! No; I haven't heard her yet," said Mr. Chondos Dale, indifferently. "But they say she is the best Marguerite we have yet had, and I have sent to secure a box for to-morrow night."

Signora Dalli was in her best voice that night when Chondos Dale, her brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in the proscenium box. And the half-blown bud of five years ago had ripened by this time into the full-blown rose of loveliness. Her blue-black hair floated like a jetty, glimmering veil of brightness down her shoulders; her eyes shone like midnight stars, while the radiant pink and white of her cheeks owned none of their beauty to cosmetic arts!

And Mr. Chondos Dale, sitting there with intent eyes and an artist's soul, all alive to the flute-like richness of her voice, thought she was simply the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The Mayor of the city where the signora was singing had a little private reception in her honor, after the opera was over. Chondos Dale, of course, was among the invited guests; and then Signora Dalli knew who he was.

"I have the advantage of him," said Theodore to herself, smiling a curious smile. "And I shall take care to retain it!"

Just a month afterwards Mr. Dale proposed to make the beautiful signora his wife.

"Are you really in love with me?" said the signora, opening wide her almond-shaped eyes, where the jetty fies seemed to burn with sleepy lustre—"with me—an opera singer?"

And Chondos, about as hopelessly infatuated as it is in the nature of man to be, vowed that he would commit suicide if she didn't have him at once.

"Put it in writing," said the Signora Theodore Dalli, with a laugh.

"Why?"

"It is my fancy."

"Your will is my law," protested Mr. Dale. So he wrote a very pretty and poetic declaration of love, upon tinted paper, and sent it to the signora's suite of apartments at a private hotel.

The same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow that October sunset, with its pencilled bit of sarcasm. And under it was written:

"The young lady who beguiled Mr. Chondos Dale's brother into a secret marriage has needed no assistance from her relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the inclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chondos Dale farewell!"

Theodore never enjoyed anything so much in all her life as she did the writing of this letter!

She had conquered her own fortune now. She was indebted to no one. And the next month she was married to a young English gentleman, who had followed her bright eyes half over two continents.

While Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny.

Don't keep a servant who neglects to wash the cat's dishes.

Don't build a catery against a wall. Don't let a cat sleep on the floor. Don't let a cat eat from a tin, zinc or agateware dish.

Don't use the same vessel for the cat's food and drink.

Don't allow a cat to lie in a damp or draughty spot.

Don't forget that the Siamese, the most delicate of cats must live indoors.

THE MAPLE.

That was a day of delight and wonder,
While lying the shade of the maple
trees under—

He felt the soft breeze at its frolicsome play;
He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
And flowers in the garden that orderly stood;

He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow,
He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough;
And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach;

Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh;
Before him the melon with odorous flesh;
There he had all for his use or his vision,
All that the wishes of mortal could seize—

There where he lay in a country elysian,
Happily, dreamily
Under the trees.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Franklyn had got tired of life in the country.

Of course, wild roses, strawberries and cream, and the song of blackbirds and linnets before dawn were very enchanting—but they had their balancing disagreeables. The gothic roof leaked under its braided greenery of wistaria vines and honeysuckle; the kitchen stood an inch deep in water whenever there was a trifle heavier rain than usual, and the half-mile walk from the depot, however enchanting in flowery time, gave Mr. Franklyn a jumping neuralgia when traversed in a drizzly equinoctial. The butcher forgot to call, just when his wares were needed most, the next-door-neighbor charged a little more than city prices for his milk, eggs and butter, and the cook and chambermaid left at the end of the first month.

"Sorra a bit will a decent girl be after stayin' in a haythen place like this, where there's not a church spire to be seen, and the frogs look at yez like Christians through the basement windows!" said they.

So that life in the rural districts was not altogether without trials to Mrs. Laurence Franklyn; and about the time that New York houses break out into a harmless arispy of bills, having the legends, "To Let," and "For Sale," she said to her husband: "Don't you think, dear, it would be well enough for us to return to the city?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Franklyn.

Miss Julia Lesardi, Mrs. Franklyn's pretty eighteen-year-old sister, clapped her hands.

"Good! good!" cried she. "Now, I shall have some sort of chance at morning concerts and the opera again!"

And house-hunting commenced in good earnest.

But it flagged after the first edge of enthusiastic enterprise was worn off. None of the houses suited exactly. Mrs. Franklyn declared it was of no use wearing out one's shoe-leather and temper looking for what couldn't be found. Mr. Franklyn said it was a pity they hadn't found that out before.

Mrs. Franklyn said that, as far as she was concerned, she would just as soon stay where they were. Mr. Franklyn retorted that anything was better than an indolent woman. Mrs. Franklyn burst into tears. Mr. Franklyn went out of the room, banging the door behind him. Miss Lesardi declared that all men were brutes, and that she for one never intended to be married.

"I don't care," sobbed Mrs. Franklyn. "It was all Laurence's fault, taking this horrid, damp hole."

"Oh, Bee, how can you say so?" said Miss Lesardi (Mrs. Laurence Franklyn's baptismal appellation was Beatrice), "you were as wild after it as he was."

"And," added Bee, ignoring this interruption, "if we have to live on the grass under an umbrella, I shall make no further efforts."

Mr. Franklyn said the same thing, and Miss Lesardi was just making up her mind to another season of frogs, damp kitchen and fresh eggs at eight cents a piece, when Bee came exultingly back from the city one evening.

"Oh, Julia," cried she, "I've seen the sweetest little gem of a house!"

"Been house-hunting, eh?" said Miss Lesardi, who had got tea ready—(the thirteenth "help" had gone off in a puff that morning, avowing that life in any tenement which did not boast a range with elevated ovens, was not worthy of the name).

"Well—no, not exactly house-hunting, you know. I wouldn't do that after Laurence's shameful behavior! But I saw the bill and I went in. Double parlors, and frescoed dining-room in the rear! Hot and cold water, gas, range, baths, everything in short, and the hall floor laid in those delightful mosaic patterns of tessellated marble! The neighborhood delightful, the park handy—"

"And the rent?" eagerly demanded Miss Lesardi, with eyes like blue moons.

"Only eighteen hundred a year."

"Oh!" said Julia. "But isn't that a great deal?"

"Not when you consider the price of houses in general. I'll go back to-morrow and secure it; but mind it's a secret. I don't want Laurence to know that I have taken any trouble, after his hateful words!"

"I don't quite believe in secrets be-

THE TEST.

Diana Garland was what the world calls a fashionable young lady 19 years old.

"Harry," said Miss Garland to her betrothed, one evening, "I've been thinking."

"Is that such a very unusual mental process on your part?" said Mr. Ernestcliffe, gravely.

"About our engagement," said Diana, "Harry, what made you like me at the very first?"

"Well—at the very first, I suppose it was because you were so pretty."

"And now?"

"Now, it is because you are my Diana."

"But, Harry," with downcast eyes, "suppose I were homely and unattractive—"

"Well?"

"Then would you care for me? Would you love me as you do now?"

"My darling, I should love you just as well if you were as ugly as—as old Miss Hilsey," asserted Ernestcliffe.

"Are you quite sure, Harry?"

And his laughing, loving glance reassured her for this once.

Miss Garland scarcely knew what had inclined her thoughts toward this strange and unusual channel. She forgot it again the next minute, but she remembered it again with all the swiftness and suddenness of a revelation some two weeks subsequently, when she happened to be taken ill and old Dr. Vivian was summoned to attend her.

Dr. Vivian looked intently at Diana. He asked one or two questions and then looked at her again.

"Doctor," cried Di, "what is it? There is something in your eyes that you do not speak out."

"Miss Garland, when did you last visit that blind protegee of yours in the Smoot street tenement house?"

"About two weeks ago, doctor. Why?"

"I thought so," said Dr. Vivian. "Since then I have sent three children from that house to the hospital."

"Doctor," gasped Mrs. Garland, "not—ama-pox?"

He nodded his head. "Very bad cases of ama-pox," said he. "And I very much fear, my dear young lady, that you have contracted the same disease!"

"I told you so, Di," wailed Mrs. Garland, "I always knew how it would turn out! All that poor district business of yours! Oh, my child, my child! your prospects in life will be ruined, and—"

"Mrs. Garland," interrupted the doctor, "reflect yourself. My patient must be annoyed or excited. These regrets come too late to be useful. What is to be done with now is the present."

"Don't look up with a smile."

"Do it, fear, doctor," said she. "Smaller—I have always had an undefined dread and horror of it. Now that it is so close upon me, the fear seems to have all passed away. Mama, do cry. Beauty is only skin-deep after all, and—if there be any among my friends who loved me for that aloft it is perhaps as well that I should let it out at once."

"But my Ernestcliffe, my darling?"

"Mama, we won't talk about that just now," said the girl, in a low voice.

But Diana Garland thought within herself, "fortunate it was that Harry had started for that business journey New Orleans, which would certainly detain him there for a month at least."

"No one must write to him. It would be no use," said Diana. "And, mama, death should come to me, I shall be sorry that my last work on earth was ministering to God's poor."

"Mama to her, Mrs. Garland?"

Harry Ernestcliffe had known nothing of all until, returning from his Southtrip, he heard of Diana's illness. At this was the first occasion upon which he had been admitted to the home Madison avenue.

"Harry," faltered Mrs. Garland, "I have a message for you."

"Mama, hear it from Diana's own lips, Mr. Garland?"

"Do not flatter that you should," said Mr. Garland, firmly. "Here is the ring—the ring you gave her. She gives you from the engagement and renounces the token of your troth."

Harry's flushed face turned pale.

"But asked for such absolution, Mrs. Garland?" he questioned, almost sternly.

"Not my daughter thinks that it is due to you. She is altered by the fell hand disease. She is no longer the fair, youthful girl to whom you engaged herself. She—"

But Mrs. Ernestcliffe silenced her.

"Sh Diana Garland still," he said fervently. "The Diana Garland whom alone I love—the only woman I will ever marry. Pray direct me to her at once, Mr. Garland."

And mother, trembling like an aspen, could but obey.

Then, level light of the afternoon sun whining in through the rose-colored draperies of Miss Garland's door, and Diana stood in the middle of the room as he entered, robed in white, with her lovely golden hair falling in a glistening tress to her waist, and her large, wistful eyes turned toward the door, no sad and scarred skeleton, no distorted haggard remnant of her former self, but Diana Garland, as beautiful as ever, save that she was a trifle more and more pale.

"Mama, oh, my darling!" he cried, pling her to his heart.

"Harry, yours forever," she murmured, her soft eyes full of happy tears, "you would not give me up—would you when you fancied me disgraced?"

"I fancied that all my beauty was reft from the one thing that hurt me most—the fear that you would not love me same. Now I know that you true as God's own sunshine. Oh, how can we ever be so ungrateful that Heaven has been so good to us! Diana Garland's fears and—"

And he was exorcised forever.

Two husbands and wives," said Julia Lesardi. "But of course I'll keep your secret!"

Mrs. Franklyn had retired to bed when her husband came home. Miss Lesardi, however, was up to pour his tea.

"Well, Julia," said Mr. Franklyn, triumphantly, "I've found the very house we want."

Julia looked up with almost a scared expression in her face.

"You haven't taken it, Laurence?"

"No; but I shall to-morrow."

"I wouldn't do anything without consulting Bee," pleaded Julia.

"I shall give her a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Franklyn, buttoning a muffin. "Remember, Ju., this is between you and me."

"Oh, of course," said Julia, beginning to feel a little embarrassed by the amount of confidence reposed in her.

Early next morning Mr. Franklyn went to New York. Bee followed in the next train; while Miss Lesardi breathlessly awaited the crisis.

"We shall have to live in two houses, as sure as the world," said she to herself. What idiots these young people are!

Mrs. Franklyn returned rather earlier than her sister had expected her, with a bright, flushed face.

"Well!" said Julia, breathlessly.

"I've agreed to pay two thousand a year for it," said Mrs. Franklyn.

"Two thousand!" echoed Miss Lesardi. "I thought it was only eighteen hundred!"

"Well, so it was, but there's another party, it seems, very anxious to secure the house, and—"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Julia. "That's only the professional landlady's ruse."

"Oh, but it's true," persisted Bee, "for I saw his hat on the sidewalk, and I caught a glimpse of his legs walking about in the upper story to see if the paint was in good order on the second floor. So I said I'd give her two thousand."

"And suppose the other party—who, I dare say, was the plumber or gas-fitter, or perhaps the carpenter, come to see about repairs—should offer twenty-five hundred?"

"He won't," said Bee, confidently.

"The house isn't worth that."

"But I really think, Bee darling, that you'd better speak to Laurence."

"So I will," said Bee; "this evening. He will see that his wife is something more than a dead letter in the family."

But I want you to go and see the house this afternoon, Julia."

"This afternoon!" cried Miss Lesardi. "We've no time."

"Yes, we have," said Beatrice, "just exactly time enough, if we hurry down to the cars, and return in the last train. Quick! Get your bonnet on and don't wait to argue your frizzes."

And Julia Lesardi made haste accordingly.

The level rays of the soft April sunset were shining into the pretty little double drawing-room of the house on Millard square, as Bee led her sister exultantly into it.

"Just look at those marble mantles," said she, "and the pattern of the cornices. And the pier-glasses and the gas-fixtures go with the house, and—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am, I'm sure," said a falcon-nosed, elderly lady, who advanced bearing with her a smell of dyed bombazine. "I'm sorry to disappoint you but—"

Beatrice Franklyn looked aghast.

"You have not let the house?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. A poor loan widow like me has her own interests to look to; and the gentleman offered twenty-five hundred a year, if I'd sign the papers at once, which," with a reflective look at her pocket-handkerchief, "I did."

"I told you so," said Julia, sotto voce.

Mrs. Franklyn rose in great indignation, her voice rising accordingly.

"I really think," said she, "I should be justified in placing this matter in the hands of the lawyers, and—"

"Why, Bee, my darling!"

"Laurence!"

The folding-doors slid back and Mrs. Franklyn found herself vis-a-vis with her husband.

"Here's the gent himself," said the ancient female who smelled as if she had stepped out of a dye-tub. "Which he can explain!"

"You never have

FATHER OF TRUSTS.

H. O. Havemeyer Lays Blame on the Protective Tariff.

SAYS 10 PER CENT. IS ENOUGH

Claims That Every Other Interest Than His Own in the Country Is Over Protected.

Capital and Labor, He Declares, Will Adjust Themselves if Let Alone—His Company Means to Protect Its Business and Stockholders—What He Says a Customs Tariff Does.

Washington, June 15.—Henry O. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, was examined by the Industrial Commission in connection with its investigation of trusts.

His testimony related almost wholly to the sugar industry and he opened with a vigorous attack on the customs tariff, which he declared was the "mother of all trusts," becoming such by providing "an inordinate protection to manufactured articles." This attack was made in a written statement which the witness read in a ringing voice.

He asserted that a tariff of 10 per cent. was as high as any tariff should be. He contended that sugar is discriminated against in the tariff in the interest of the Louisiana cane growers, the beet sugar makers and the sugar growers of Hawaiian Islands. To these interests he asserted the United States contributed \$24,000,000, which was taken out of the pockets of the people. The protection on sugar amounted to only one-eighth of a cent a pound, or about 2 1/2 per cent. ad valorem. "It ought to be twice as much," he said. "What the sugar refining business has paid for in paying representation nothing more than an adequate return on the capital invested."

Congress should have put an internal revenue tax on the American production of sugar. The representations made in Congress concerning the trust, he declared, were untrue, and if it was a fact that the people suffered from trusts they must blame the protective tariff system, of which the trusts were merely the machinery.

"Capital and labor," he stated, "would all adjust themselves if let alone. The only way to prevent competition is to keep prices at a minimum—not necessarily in the interest of the consumer, but as a matter of business. He referred to the trust laws of some of the States as putting a premium on dishonesty, specifying the Missouri law. There were always two classes of people in a community—the industrious and those who wanted to live off them.

Replying to questions by Prof. Jenks, Mr. Havemeyer said the American Company was capitalized for much less than it was worth. "But for the clamor against trusts," he said, "it could be sold for three times its capitalization." Yet he thought the refineries could be duplicated for \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000.

These huge drops in the price of sugar had been caused by the starting of new refineries which had threatened to take 50 per cent. of the business. "It was a part of our policy to put prices down and let the opposition take the result, whatever it may be. Every sale made by the opposition displaces so much of the American Company's product," he said. "We must protect our own business."

Mr. Havemeyer said that what the company did it did not do for motives of philanthropy—that it had its own shareholders to protect.

"How many stockholders have you?" asked Prof. Jenks.

"About 15,000," he replied, and added: "Enough to take care of and they would take it if they could."

The latter remark was made in a light vein. It was his opinion that the Cuban sugar should be brought in free of duty, and that this of course would bring refined sugar down to 3 cents a pound.

Shipping of the coffee business, Mr. Havemeyer said he was in the business, and in it to stay.

Bank Trust Forming.

Philadelphia, June 15.—The formation of the Federal Trust Company with a capital of \$18,500,000 is nearly completed. At the present time about 95 per cent. of the output is either controlled by the new organization or they have options on the plants. The financial plan is to issue \$3,500,000 preferred stock and \$15,000,000 common stock. None of the works is to be closed, but each plant in the combination will be worked only on that line for which it is considered best fitted.

\$32,000,000 Chair Combine.

New York, June 15.—The organization of the American Chair Company is practically completed.

The new concern is regarded as a trust and the proposed issue of stock amounts to \$32,000,000, of which \$12,500,000 is to be preferred. Charles R. Hunt, of New York, was the prime mover and about eighty factories are included in the combine.

Heavy Hauls in Michigan.

Houghton, Mich., June 15.—The rains in the last twenty-four hours have been of exceptional volume and duration and have caused floods which swept down both shores of Portage Lake doing great damage in both Hancock and Houghton. The damage to streets, sewers, railroads and embankments is heavy.

Woman Fatally Hurt.

Barron, Wis., June 15.—The residence of W. F. Howard lies on its side and Mrs. Howard is fatally injured—the result of a tornado that touched here. Many roofs are off, but no others are hurt.

No Offer for Canary Islands.

Brussels, June 15.—The government of the Congo Independent State denies having offered Spain 5,000,000 pesetas for the Canary Islands, as announced in a despatch from Brussels to the Daily Mail of London.

BOLTED CONVENTION

Uproar Among Pennsylvania Democrats When Cadwallader Left the Hall.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 15.—The mention of the name of William J. Bryan in the platform of the Democratic State Convention here caused John Cadwallader, Jr., a delegate from Philadelphia, to leave the hall.

When the platform was adopted Mr. Cadwallader said:

"Since the name of William Jennings Bryan is mentioned in the platform I shall retire and suggest as a substitute John McMenamin."

This announcement caused a great uproar. There were hisses and jeers and yells mingled with the question: "Who is he?" Mr. Cadwallader walked out and McMenamin was given his place.

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Larger Army For Philippines.

Washington, June 15.—In the light of what has transpired in the Philippines recently the president is being urged to increase the army there not to 55,000 men but to 50,000 or 60,000 men, in order that General Otis can go in and finish up the campaign in short order. Friends of the administration believe that if an overwhelming army was sent to the Philippines it would further discourage Aguinaldo's followers and that peace would be the result in a very short time. It is not at all improbable that a call for additional troops will be issued within a very few days.

Carrie Jones Confesses.

New York, June 15.—George Bonnard Barrow, who planned and directed the abduction of Marion Clarke, was placed on trial before Justice Fursman in the Supreme Court, after Bella Anderson, alias "Carrie Jones," who has turned State evidence, had pleaded guilty.

The nurse girl, fearful and trembling was remanded for sentence and led away. Barrow and his wife, Jennie, against whom the confession of the girl will weigh most heavily, sat side by side, as cool as casual spectators. The defense of both will be insanity.

Colorado Smelters Strike.

Denver, June 15.—The 3,000 employees of the trust smelters in Denver, Pueblo and Leadville, walked out, after having extinguished the fires in the big furnaces and put everything in perfect order for a season of idleness. Within forty-eight hours, it is predicted, most of the mines in Leadville, Aspen, Creede, Ouray and the other mining camps of the State, with the exception of Cripple Creek, will be closed, throwing thousands of miners out of employment.

500 Men Stoned Street Cars.

Cleveland, O., June 15.—A serious and unexpected riot broke out at the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad crossing on Perkins avenue. Some 500 men are employed in the great machine shops in that vicinity, and a crowd of 500 of these held up five Wards Park avenue cars, blocking the tracks and stoning the cars. The small escort of policemen on each car was powerless against the mob. Reinforcements of police finally dispersed the mob and cleared the track.

Canada Loses in Boundary Dispute.

Washington, June 15.—A brief despatch has been received at the State Department from Ambassador Choate, in which he says substantially that Great Britain will accept the American proposition for the provisional Alaskan boundary. While the officials do not go to the extent of declaring that the proposition has been accepted, they say that there is practically no difference between the absolute fact of acceptance and the assurance of Ambassador Choate.

Digging Out Cyclone Victims.

New Richmond, Wis., June 15.—The work of taking dead bodies from the cyclone ruins has been progressing for two days. Already hundreds and two bodies have been taken out. There were thirty funerals yesterday and three times that number will take place to-day. The work of rebuilding the business portion of the town will begin at once.

Woman Accused of Abduction.

Sedalia, Mo., June 15.—Mrs. Myrtle Degnan, eighteen years old, the wife of J. Bennett Degnan, of New York, has been arrested here on the charge of attempting to abduct Annie M. Rogers, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a Missouri Pacific engineer. Annie Rogers lived with Mrs. Degnan and her mother, Mrs. Walker, in St. Louis until recently.

For Dispensing Beer on July 4.

New Albany, Ind., June 15.—George Allen, for years a constable for Carr Township, has been arrested by Deputy Marshal Fite on a charge of violating the internal revenue law on July 4 last, by selling beer without a license. Allen claims that he gave the beer away and that his arrest is the work of enemies. The arrest caused a sensation.

Found Dead in the Woods.

Galena, Ill., June 15.—Chas. Cox, aged 50, a Galena mine operator, was found dead by a little girl who was flower hunting in the woods near Bonanza. Cox had taken a walk, and is supposed to have died from heart trouble. When found his pipe was tightly gripped in his teeth and his spectacles were still on.

Warlike "Conc" Under Arrest.

Plainfield, N. J., June 15.—"Conc" John K. Van Ness, who has held up trolley workmen for nearly a week with his cannon which he threatened to use if they endeavored to build over his land, has been arrested, charged with shooting firearms within the city limits. He was paroled pending examination and still holds the fort.

Disemboweled Body Identified.

New York, June 14.—The disemboweled body at the Brooklyn Morgue was positively identified as that of Frank Peterson, a Swedish sailor.

Speedy Justice in Michigan.

Cuero, Mich., June 15.—Wesley Jackson, a negro, pleaded guilty of a criminal assault committed on June 6, and was assessed seventy-five years in the penitentiary.

A FELLOW FEELING.

Makes Portsmouth People as Wounded as Elsewhere.

A fellow feeling prompts it. We can have trouble of our own. We appreciate assistance. Relief from trouble promotes gratitude. Gratitude promotes publicity. Publicity promotes gratitude. A man with a bad back. The kind that aches all day and doesn't ease at night. A grateful man when his back is cured. He wants to tell his friends about it. Let them know relief can be had. Lots of fellow feeling in Portsmouth. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured so many backs. Read what this Portsmouth citizen says:

"Mr. A. P. Blake, of 23 High street, says:—I had a distressing pain in my back, dizziness and headache and an annoying urinary difficulty. I went to the Phylbrick pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills for it and they gave me great relief. I had an accident which injured my spine and my physician tells me it is incurable. Consequently I cannot hope for a permanent cure, but I will say this, by taking half a box of Doan's Kidney Pills I was relieved of my backache and the urinary difficulty. I gave the balance of the box to my son, who was troubled with kidney complaint also. They did him so much good that he went and got more and they cured him. I can, without any hesitancy, recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and urinary trouble. I consider them a valuable medicine and you are at liberty to refer to me as endorsing Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Sold by Foster Wilbur Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

Proof Against Footpads.

When the timid-looking man got out of the barber chair after being shaved he fumbled in one pocket after another while the porter dusted his clothing.

"Well," he said, with a note of astonishment in his voice, as he plunged his hand for the fourth time into his right trousers pocket and felt around. "That's funny. I thought I had a quarter in that pocket."

He repeated the search of his other pockets, while the barber who had shaved him leaned his elbow on the back of the chair, crossed one leg over the other and eyed him suspiciously.

"Guess I must've lost it," said the timid-looking man as he put his right foot up on a chair and began to roll up his trousers leg. The barber winked at the artist in charge of the chair next to his and moved nearer the razor case. The man rolled and pulled his trousers leg above his knee, and by that time every one else in the shop was watching him with intense interest. They saw that he wore a woman's black stocking. Just above his knee he wore two garters, one about four inches above the other. He slipped the upper garter down, rolled down the top of the stocking carefully, and there were several Treasury notes lying spread out flat against the underclothing that covered his leg.

"What do you carry money in that way for?" asked the barber as he handed the man change for the \$5.

"Footpads," was the laconic reply of the stranger.

Patagonian Giants.

The tribes to the east of the Cordilleras in Southern Patagonia belong to Araucanian stock, and are a superior race. The Tehuelches—as they call themselves—of Southern and Eastern Patagonia are the people whose unusual stature gave rise to the fables of early days to the effect that the natives of this region were giants, averaging nine or ten feet in height. It is a fact that they are the tallest human beings in the world, the men averaging but slightly less than six feet, while individuals of four to six inches above that mark are not uncommon. They are in reality by no means savages, but somewhat civilized barbarians. They are almost unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, notwithstanding some contact with the whites, but they have plenty of horses and dogs. Unscrupulous hunters, they capture the guanaco and the rheu, or South American ostrich, and from the skins of these and other animals they make clothes and coverings for themselves. They make beautiful "capotes," or mantles, of fur and feathers, which are highly prized by Europeans and find a ready market, most of the proceeds being spent for bad whiskey, which is brought into the country in quantities by traders.

Identified.

"So you discovered that female burglar in your house?"

"Of course; she stepped on the baby's rubber doll, and thought it was a mouse."

Not His Landlady.

"I feel as if I could trust you."

"I wish you kept our boarding house."

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winkler's soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea, twenty five cents a bottle.

Everybody's Liable to Itching Piles.

Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one cure; Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe; can't fail.

SOLDIERS ACCUSED.

Murder and Robbery of Three Spaniards at Nueva Paz

AN INVESTIGATION ORDERED.

Mayor Declares the Crime Was Not Due to Politics Twenty Soldiers Are Implicated.

Annexation Talk at Santiago—Discussion Carried On by the Newspapers—Anonymous Circulars Announcing an Outbreak Against Americans to Take Place on June Twenty-Fourth.

Havana, June 15.—Acting Civil Governor Torriente has received a despatch from the Mayor of the town of Nueva Paz giving the details of the recent murders. The despatch states that the murders were committed at Los Musos estate, which is within the boundaries of Los Pabos sugar plantation, within sight of the town. The murdered men were Manuel Gutierrez, his brother Jose and Manuel Fernandez, all Spaniards. They were killed with machetes and their heads were cut off.

The Mayor declares that the crime was not due to politics. The murderers were a band of twenty Cuban soldiers. Gen. Brooke is awaiting the result of the investigation he has ordered into the affair.

La Lucha editorially praises the American Government for the appointment of Gonzalo de Quesada as Cuban Commissioner at Washington. It censures the Cuban defense of the attacks made upon him by members of the late Cuban Assembly and their friends.

A meeting of representatives of the striking cabmen and of the cab owners was held at the office of Mayor Lacoste for the purpose of discussing means for ending the strike. After considerable discussion, Mayor Lacoste proposed that the cabmen pay the owner \$3.20 per day for first-class and \$2.50 for second-class fares. This was agreed to and it is announced that the strike which has caused great discomfort will end soon.

Santiago de Cuba, June 15.—A violent discussion is being carried on by the press regarding annexation. The newspapers publish many letters for and against the proposition.

Further anonymous circulars have been issued announcing that there will be an outbreak here against the Americans on June 24. The circulars cause no alarm.

Lunched a sick Negro.

New Orleans, June 15.—Edward Gray, a young negro, 23 years old, from New Orleans, was lunched at Reserve plantation, forty miles above the city. Gray for some time had been living in St. John parish. He was arrested there seven months ago, charged with robbery in the Lacasse store and was confined in the parish jail. Charles Moeedee, who was arrested at the same time as Gray, was lynched by a mob, but as there was little evidence against Gray the mob allowed his case to go to trial. When the case came up the District Attorney, finding that there was no evidence against Gray, released him. He slept the first night out of prison for months on an open gallery at the Thibodaux plantation. Some men passing recognized him as the negro charged with attempted robbery, dragged him from the gallery and, tying him to a pecan tree near by, shot him.

Beaufort, N. C., June 15.—A white saloon keeper was murdered on June 8 here. Detectives arrested a negro named Lewis Patrick in New Bern and found in his possession articles belonging to the murdered man. He was taken to Beaufort and placed in jail, but was taken out of the prison by an armed mob who made off with him. The Sheriff immediately organized a posse, but returned without having found the mob or a trace of Patrick.

Protest Against Seed Distribution.

Cincinnati, O., June 15.—The American Association of Seedsmen at its convention here unanimously adopted a resolution protesting against the Government's present policy of free distribution of seeds. The Committee on Postal Matters was instructed by resolution to endeavor in every way to have the Government issue fractional currency. Two new members were received. Several papers were read on seed culture and traffic.

A. O. U. W. Supreme Lodge.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 15.—Three hundred delegates are attending the annual meeting of the Supreme Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. They represent a membership of 300,000, scattered all over the United States and Canada. The meeting will continue about ten days.

Three Arkansas Negroes Killed.

Pine Bluff, Ark., June 15.—Bud Lynn shot and killed a negro in Rollaway Township, Jefferson County. The affair occurred in a saloon and was the result of a quarrel. In Lonoke County, near England, two negroes were killed in a saloon quarrel.

Smallpox in Tennessee.

Springfield, Tenn., June 15.—This community is excited over two cases of smallpox. The victims are Neal Glenn and wife. They are supposed to have contracted the malady at Madisonville or Erlington, Ky. There have been a number of exposures.

Alaska Boundary Question.

London, June 15.—The United States ambassador here, Joseph H. Choate, has just received from the foreign office a communication on the Alaska question, which, it is understood, is a satisfactory temporary arrangement of the affair.

OUTLAWS ARE CAPTURED.

Rough Riders Kill and Capture Over Thirty of Them.

Casper, Wyoming, June 15.—A report has just reached here that the band of "rough riders" organized a few days ago to run down the band of outlaws who held up and looted the Union Pacific express, have been successful in their man hunt, but not, however, without blood being shed on both sides.

The rough riders, accompanied by about twenty five other outlaws, who have made the "Hole in the Wall" their hiding place for a long time, ventured out, armed to the teeth and prepared to fight to the death.

They opened fire on the rough riders, who had the "Hole in the Wall" surrounded, and a general battle was on in earnest and in short order. Both sides were armed with Winchester rifles, and at the first volley two of the rough riders were seriously wounded, but as the bandits were greatly outnumbered, the whole band was almost exterminated during the two hours night which was carried on from behind rocks and other places of protection. All of those who were not killed outright surrendered when it was seen that further resistance was useless and their captors are now on their way here with the prisoners.

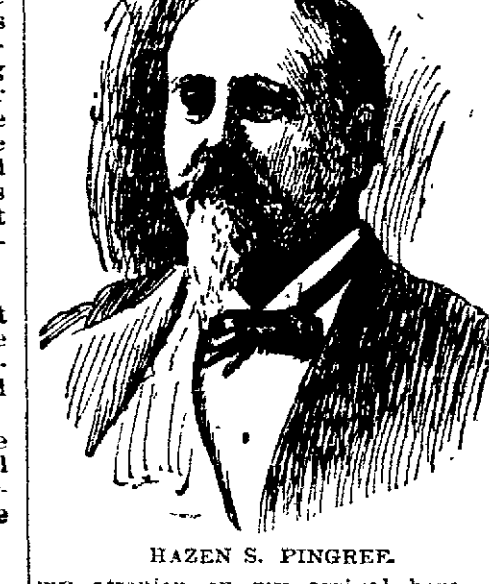
Sixteen of the outlaws were killed, six fatally wounded and ten were taken prisoner. Two of the pursuing party are fatally injured and four others are slightly wounded.

A detachment of the rough riders will make a visit to the "Hole in the Wall" and bring out what booty the robbers had stored there. The killing and capturing of this gang of desperadoes cleans out one of the hardest and toughest contingents of criminals that has ever infested the West.

Pingree States His Intentions.

Chicago, June 15.—The editor of the Chicago "Tribune" has received the following telegram from Gov. Pingree, of Michigan:

" Lansing, Mich., June 13. "Your telegram asking me if I contemplate retiring from politics came to my attention."



HAZEN S. PINGREE.

my attention on my arrival here. It is the duty of every citizen to take part in politics. I do not intend to neglect my duty."

"H. S. Pingree, Governor."

Fusion in Kansas.

El Dorado, Kan., June 15.—The Democrats, Populists and Silver Republicans met in separate conventions here and have effected a complete fusion ticket, the Democrats getting the ticket of leaders, the Silver Republicans the Treasurer and the Populists the balance of the ticket. James Ritchie, a hero of San Juan Hill, who lost a foot by a Spanish shell, and who carried three Manner bullets in his body was defeated for the nomination of clerk.

Prize Fighters Indicted.

Pittsburg, June 15.—The grand jury has returned a true bill against all the participants in the Homestead prize fight in which Kid Lavelle, of Chester, lost his life. One count accuses John Cavanaugh, Ed Kennedy, James Mason, John Coates, Mark Kerwin, James Bennett, John Henniger and Colonel R. E. Moxley with manslaughter and another with engaging in a prize fight.

Nansen Declines to Go.

Christiania, June 15.—Nansen has sent his reply to the English Geographic Society, which had proposed that he join the British antarctic expedition. He declines with thanks on the ground that he would not care to go, as a British naval officer would be in command. Nansen adds that he would much prefer a purely Norwegian expedition.

Looking for Sweeney.

Marion, Ind., June 15.—John Sweeney and Walter McDonald, of Sims, fought a prize fight at Swayzee, resulting in Sweeney being knocked out in the third round. The Sheriff and his deputies arrested two boys before the fight that were thought to be the principals, but were only on the programme for a preliminary bout.

Fatal Electric Bolt.

Clarksville, Mich., June 15.—The home of Dr. Welch, at Crainsville, was struck by lightning. Several parties were badly shocked, and a lady visitor, whose name was not ascertained, was killed. The current set fire to the house and it burned to the ground, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars.

Elevator and Station Destroyed.

Torre Haute, Ind., June 15.—A fire at Perryville, Ind., north of this city, destroyed an elevator containing 6,000 bushels of corn. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway station and several freight cars. The town was saved with difficulty.

Kentucky Wife-Murderer Sentenced.

Middlesboro, Ky., June 15.—D. M. Sampson has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Frankfort penitentiary at Pineville for murder of his wife at this place two weeks ago. He received sentence with stoical indifference.

Insane Asylum Hard Affected.

Lexington, Ky., June 15.—Typhoid fever has developed at the Eastern Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and several cases of cattle have been destroyed. The State Board of Health will take the matter up.

BACOR IS TAKEN.

Lawton Captures Town Without Firing a Shot.

THE ENEMY FLEEING SOUTH.

So Disheartened By Their Recent Heavy Losses That They Fail to Make a Stand Against Americans.

General Pio del Pilar's Troops, Who Put up Such a Vigorous Resistance Tuesday Are Scattered in All Directions—The Native Governor of Cebu Said to Have Been Assassinated.

Manila, June 15.—General Lawton's force, which drove the Filipinos southward after a desperate all-day fight at the Zapote River has captured Bacoor without firing a shot.

General Pio del Pilar's troops, who made the most desperate resistance yet encountered by the Americans in the Philippines, are much disheartened by their losses and are in full retreat and have scattered in all directions. Their ranks are broken up completely and nothing like the semblance of military order prevails among the natives.

Their possession of artillery, fairly well served, added to their confidence, and they fully expected to win but the bravery of Lawton's command disheartened them and they were forced to yield to a display of superior military tactics and courage.

The native Governor of the Island of Cebu is reported to have been assassinated.

He welcomed the American troops when they took possession of Cebu and was counted a firm friend of the United States.

An accurate report furnished Gen. Otis of the last severe engagement when the natives resisted so desperately, shows that the American losses were ten killed and forty wounded. The majority of these casualties occurred while troops were crossing the Zapote River.

Manila, June 15.—General Lawton, with his staff and a troop of the Fourth cavalry, started to ascertain the nature of the insurgents' position. He rode five miles along the coast without discovering the enemy, to Bacoor, and found the town full of white flags. But there were no soldiers there. The women and children, who had fled to the woods at the bombardment, were camping in the ruins of their homes. The shells had almost knocked the town to pieces. The big church was wrecked and many buildings were ruined. Even the trees and shrubbery were torn as by a hailstorm.

Manila, June 15.—The Fourteenth Infantry swam the Zapote River, charged and carried the trenches, a heavy fusillade of artillery preparing the way, and covering the crossing. The insurgents broke for the woods before the fourteenth reached them. Almost at the same time the ninth and the twelfth infantry crossed a bar of the sea and came upon their left flank at a point where a body of marines with Maxim guns landed, under protection of the ship's batteries, and fired upon the enemy's left rear with a demoralizing effect. The twenty-first crossed the river by a bridge as soon as it could be made. Sixty-five dead Filipinos were found in the trenches, most of them shot through the heads. Several five-inch smooth bore guns were captured with ammunition marked "U. S. Navy Yard." After crossing the river the troops were withdrawn with the exception of the ninth and the twenty-first infantry, these regiments being left with four guns to guard the bridge.

As they were being formed into companies the insurgents commenced to fire volleys from the bamboo jungle 300 yards away. The regiments formed into line rapidly and coolly, though under fire and cheering, rushed to the woods, driving the enemy a mile away, the Filipinos disputing every foot. The fourteenth encamped across the river, the men caring for many of the wounded Filipinos. Eight prisoners were captured. The majority of the Filipinos wore red uniforms.

Ortiz Reports Casualties.

Washington, June 15.—Gen. Otis reports the following additional casualties: Wounded—Thirteenth infantry, June 9, M. Private Henry Masfeldt, thigh, slight; Fourth cavalry, 10th I, Private William Hadden, leg, moderate; Ninth infantry, C. Privates A. F. Portezaga, shoulder, slight; B. Deforest Hutchinson, head, severe. Twenty-first infantry, C. Private Thomas Miller, arm, slight; First Colorado, M. Private Joseph P. Kearns, leg, slight; Eleventh, Private Edgar Pate, knee, severe. Cablegram, 12th, Thomas Healy, private, M. Thirteenth Minnesota, should have read Thirteenth infantry.

Major Higgins Promoted.

Chicago, June 15.—Word was received here from Washington that Major E. H. Higgins of the Sixth United States cavalry, now stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, had been appointed inspector general of the department of the lakes.

Armed Watchmen Barred.

Portland, Ore., June 15.—The chief of police has ordered Phukerton armed watchmen off the streets under the new law prohibiting armed bodies.

California Miners Strike.

Reading, Cal., June 15.—Eight hundred miners went on strike here. A force of deputies has been sent to the locality in anticipation of trouble.

Transport Pennsylvania Arrives.

San Francisco, June 15.—The transport Pennsylvania arrived from Manila, thirty-one days out. She brought no sick or discharged soldiers.

Transport Hooker at Colombo.

Colombo, Ceylon, June 15.—The United States transport Hooker, which sailed from New York May 1 Manila, has arrived here.

"MY, BUT THAT'S GOOD COFFEE!"

You Always Get Good Coffee Here.

The above remarks are commonly heard from the patrons of our Restaurant. Not only is our coffee the best, but everything that we serve is as good as pure materials and skilled labor can make them.

BICYCLISTS WILL FIND

CURRIER & DUNBAR'S

Lunch Parlors and Dining Rooms TO THEIR LIKING.

67 Congress St.

Introduction

The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co., or its products; when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to

Frank Jones Brewing Co. Portsmouth, N. H., or Newfields Bottling Co., Newfields, N. H., and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 2 1/2 quart, quart and quart.

P. S.—Remember the brand "VICTOR"

OLIVER W. HAM

SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER, 60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

— AND — Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover Street and at residence, Cor. New Vaught Street and Baynes' Ave.

Telephone 59-2.

For a Stylish Hitchon'

Go to C. E. Dempsey's Stable,

Deer Street, Or call him by telephone 18-3 and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses, Well Equipped Carriages

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

With increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and care for all cemetery lots in any of the cemeteries of this city as may be instructed to his care. He will also give careful attention to the watering and turfing of lots, also to the cleaning of graves and headstones, and the restoration of broken or damaged monuments. In addition to this work he also undertakes to erect new monuments and headstones of all styles and materials, and to erect and maintain all kinds of grave markers. He is also prepared to take charge of all cemetery work, and to erect and maintain all kinds of grave markers. He is also prepared to take charge of all cemetery work, and to erect and maintain all kinds of grave markers.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899.

At this distance it looks as though the democracy would enter the campaign of 1900 with a surplus of battle cries and a deficit of harmony.

Gov. McMillin of Tennessee, declares that Bryan is stronger than ever. He recently gets this impression from the recent measurement of Mr. Bryan's voice.

William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, says that America is "a great assassin." William Lloyd Garrison also says other things that a patriotic American citizen would be ashamed to utter.

Hon. David Bennett Hill is now giving a fascinating imitation of a statesman keeping silent in six different languages. This sort of effort requires lots of hard work in the case of a man like Mr. Hill.

President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, intimates that if England wants fight he is ready to accommodate her any day in the week. It appears that "Oom Paul" has been making heavy purchases of gunpowder for other than salutary purposes.

Certain members of the peace conference at The Hague are suspected of having disclosed the secret proceedings of that body to the newspapers. If these suspicions are verified there may be a row that will make white-winged peace scream in terror.

One of the newest girl babies in St. Louis has been named "Dewella" in honor of the great admiral, but the chances are that when she grows up she will be called "Dewey" for short, just as though she were a boy. "Dewella" simply won't do at all.

OTHER PAPERS' COMMENTS.

It is said that the camel can work seven or eight days without drinking. There are lots of men who can drink seven or eight days without working!—Concord Monitor. We have lots of them here in Portsmouth.

Fogg, the clever paragraphist of the Portsmouth Chronicle, in the issue of that paper for Monday last wastes sarcastic over a little skit contributed by the present writer to the Courant in regard to the circus which exhibited in that city last week. The Courant correspondent protests that he was not sitting on a splinter, and further wishes to assure Fogg that he had "money enough to buy peanuts when the boy came around." If Fogg enjoyed the performance of the trained elephants the Courant man is glad; if Fogg's immediate neighbor considered their intelligence superior to that of many people in the audience, then we suppose the gentleman's opinion is entitled to a certain amount of respect, but Fogg should bear in mind that the difference of opinion that makes the circus—York Caurant. Sure thing. This would be a strange world if everybody liked cream on their strawberries. I don't, so the world has a piquant variety of taste.

We now have the ink trust. We shall use a pencil henceforth.—Boston Traveller. Any person who uses a pen is a dupe.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

In yesterday morning's issue of the Portsmouth Chronicle an article appears which states that in view of the recent defeat sustained by the Portsmouth High school base ball team, they would probably forfeit the contested game with Somersworth High. Such is not the case. They play at Central Park, Saturday afternoon.—Dover Republican.

BY TELEGRAPH.

CHIEF DEVEY AND PRIZE FIGHTING.

New York, June 15.—Several sensations were developed by the Muzet investigation committee today, and after a squabble with the minority members over the matter of adjournment led to a session until August 1st. The first important witness was Chief of Police Devey who was called by Mr. Mores to explain why he first thought to stop the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight and then allowed it to go on to a knock-out finish. Chief Devey admitted that he took an interest in prize fighting and approved prize fighting under the Horton law, arguing that the young men of the city should be taught the art of manly self-defence so that they could defend themselves from thieves and thugs on the public streets. Devey said that the recent prize fight complied with the law and was in every way a clean and well-conducted contest. He said he did not see the knock-out blow but thought that Fitzsimmons had simply "slipped." Mores then questioned Devey as to whether he had made any attempt to close pool rooms since he was last on the stand. Devey said he had not and a wrangle ensued between the two and unpleasant personalities were passing between them when Devey was ordered to leave the room by Mr. Mazet. A sixteen-years old girl, who once attempted to kill herself in the corridor of Music hall, testified that the policemen had a regular schedule of prizes for protection of the women of the lower East side, which the women had to pay for under pain of arrest.

REBELS RETREATING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

MANILA, June 15, 5:50 P. M.—Captain Cable, of General Wheaton's staff, with three companies of the Twenty-first regiment, reconnoitered in the direction of Imaus today. The rebels, who were apparently expecting an attack, retired, leaving behind them twenty Spanish prisoners, who joined the Americans. The rebels have probably gone to the mountains along the lake. According to native stories the rebels carried 100 dead and 300 wounded through Bacoar after the recent battle. This whole section is practically without food and General Otis has ordered the distribution of rice and beef to the inhabitants.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 15.—At an early hour this morning, Philis Fontaine, the proprietor of a cafe at Lake Massabesic, was aroused by someone in the lower part of the building. Making his way down stairs and entering the room a man confronted him. Taking a heavy weight from the scales he threw it and struck his midnight visitor on the head, who at once dropped to the floor unconscious. Two other men were waiting outside of the building but were scared away. Whether Fontaine killed his man or not he does not know as he threw him out of the window and the two men carried him away.

WORCESTER COUNTY STORM SWEEP.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 15.—One of the worst electric storms for a long time played havoc in Worcester county today. Rain fell in torrents and many washouts are reported. Lightning struck in seven places at Spencer, five in Holden, and also in Brookfield and Leicester. Considerable live stock perished and several barns were burned. The damage to highways is very great and the property loss will go into the thousands.

SERVIAN VILLAGES ATTACKED.

BELGRADE, June 15.—A number of Albanian bands, assisted by 2000 Turkish regular troops, are reported to have attacked a number of Servian villages in the Jalovitz district. It is added that during the fighting a large number of men were killed and wounded on both sides. The Turks, it is stated, being in superior force, overpowered the frontier guards and attacked three villages. A large force of Servian regular troops has been despatched to the scene with orders to expel the invaders.

NOMINATIONS AT HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, PENN., June 15.—Judge Stephen Leslie Mostrout of Fayette county was nominated for supreme court judge on the twenty-eighth ballot. Charles Riely of Williamsport, was nominated for judge of the superior court. William E. Cresely of Columbia was nominated by acclamation for state treasurer. The convention then adjourned.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME ISSUED.

Boston, June 15.—The official programme on the arrival and entertainment of the North Atlantic squadron, Rear Admiral Sampson in command, was issued tonight, but its carrying out now depends upon how seriously the dense fog of Cape Cod impedes the movement of the vessels on their way from Newport. The vessels are due here late Friday afternoon, at high tide Saturday morning at line o'clock the marines and sailors will be landed at the navy yard for the early parade of Charlestown's Bunker Hill celebration. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the vessels will be open to visitors on certain hours, Monday afternoon being reserved for the poor children of Boston. On Wednesday the fleet will leave the harbor. The cruiser New York and the three battleships coming here have crews of nearly 2000 men.

BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the National league base ball games played yesterday:
Boston 6, Philadelphia 1; at Boston. Game called at the end of the sixth inning on account of rain.
New York 2, Brooklyn 6; at New York. Game called at the end of the fifth inning on account of rain.
Louisville 2, St. Louis 4; at Louisville.
Cleveland 6, Pittsburg 2; at Cleveland.
Chicago 6, Cincinnati 4; at Chicago.
Baltimore 10, Washington 2; at Baltimore.

THE DROUTH BROKEN.

Boston, June 15.—The long and serious drouth in central and northern New England was apparently well broken by numerous showers this afternoon, accompanied by sharp lightning, which destroyed a number of houses in several sections. The rain will hardly save the hay crop but will help out the market gardeners, a good deal. Very little rain fell in Boston, although at three o'clock the darkness compelled artificial lighting in nearly every building and for a few moments a serious electric storm was expected. The storm swept to the westward of this city and was accompanied by high wind. Rain barely touched Cape Cod which tonight is enveloped in fog.

FINISHED RIDING TEN CENTURES.

New York, June 15.—August Egloff finished his test of riding ten successive centuries at two o'clock this morning. Egloff's time of the one thousand miles was 108 hours and twenty minutes, and for the four days and one-half enjoyed only six and one-half hours' sleep. He broke all the century records in this country from 600 to one thousand miles and also made new figures from 700 to one thousand. When he dismounted this morning he was in very good condition.

ADMIRAL WATSON AT HONG KONG.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Admiral Watson has arrived at Hong Kong and taken command of the Asiatic squadron, relieving Captain Barker of Oregon, who has been in charge since Admiral Dewey left Manila. Captain Barker will return to the United States on a mail steamer.

STEAMER REPORTED WRECKED.

LONDON, June 15.—An irresponsible news sheet publishes an alleged despatch from Saratow, Russia, asserting that the Niagara, an American built steamer, was wrecked in the river Volga, during a storm today, with a loss of 120 lives. There is no confirmation, however, of the statement from any other source.

FAMINE IN AFRICA.

LONDON, June 15.—Advises received here from Africa state that a famine is prevailing in the German possessions owing to the drouth which also prevails alarmingly in the British protectorate. Hundreds of women are dying of starvation and the resident whites are unable to cope with the distress.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—For New England: Rain and colder Friday, with stationary temperature along the coast. Fair Saturday, variable winds, becoming northwesterly.

WENTWORTH HOUSE BRIDGE CLOSED.

Wentworth house bridge will be closed on May 25th until further notice. Extensive repairs are to be made to this structure.

Three spectres that threaten baby's life. Cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry never fails to conquer them.

TEXAS' WAR ON TRUSTS.

Corporations Chartered in New Jersey Not Allowed to Do Business There.

Austin, Tex., June 15.—Attorney-General T. S. Smith has issued an order to Secretary of State Hardy that no company or corporation chartered under the laws of New Jersey for the purpose of doing business in Texas shall receive a permit to transact business in this State. Mr. Smith says that such exclusion can be made on the broad principle that the granting of permits to the companies and corporations alluded to is against public policy. Secretary of State Hardy will obey the order. He rejected the application of one corporation that sought to establish a large cotton-seed oil mill at Sherman, Tex. It was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and applied for a permit to do business in Texas.

One of the questions to be brought up during the anti-trust convention called by Gov. Sayers will be that of New Jersey charters. It will be proposed that an agreement be entered into between the States represented at the St. Louis convention to refuse admission to all corporations operating under articles of incorporation obtained in New Jersey or in any other States which like that State makes a practice of granting franchises to all sorts of associations without regard to their purposes or tendencies.

Foul Results in Anarchy.

London, Ky., June 14.—Judge H. C. Eversole arrived here and sent a messenger to Judge A. King Cook, who was elected special judge to act in the absence of Judge Eversole asking him to adjourn court. Judge Cook called the case of Frank Fisher, charged with killing Jim Philpot, and found that it was impossible to get the witnesses. Judge Eversole says he will not go to Manchester because he does not think it safe to do so. He says holding court there at this time is impossible and he does not propose to endanger his life and the lives of the witnesses and litigants and has adjourned court indefinitely.

Lexington, Ky., June 15.—Col. Williams of the State militia says Clay county is in a state of anarchy and that nothing can prevent the continuance of bloodshed. He says troops can afford little protection for prisoners.

Wheelmen Surrender to Police.

San Francisco, Cal., June 15.—Frank Simpson and Thomas Jones have surrendered to the police, admitting that they were the wheelmen who on May 27 ran over Hon. Timothy Guy Phelps near his country home at San Carlos. The men were riding a tandem, and in avoiding a milk wagon ran down Mr. Phelps who was walking along the road. The cyclists aided Mr. Phelps to a wagon and left him, not thinking he was seriously injured. Fred Kennett, who accompanied them on their ride was also placed under arrest.

No Claw in the Barnard Case.

Dallas, Tex., June 15.—No claw has yet been discovered as to the fate of whereabouts of C. C. Barnard, the representative in Texas of J. S. & H. C. Starr, dealers in bicycles, vehicles and sewing machines, Decatur, Ills. Barnard's valise, checked at the Santa Fe passenger station in Dallas on Saturday night, is still there unclaimed. Dallas and neighboring towns have been thoroughly searched without developing the least trace.

Judge Doubted His Insanity.

Columbus, Ohio, June 15.—The case of C. J. Delaplaine, the Circleville attorney, who was on trial in the United States Court here on a charge of sending obscene letters through the mail, has been continued to the next term of court. Judge Thompson took this action because of his uncertainty as to Delaplaine's mental condition. Physicians have testified that he knows right from wrong, but is not able to restrain his impulse.

Horseshoer Severely Injured.

Winfield, N. Y., June 15.—Tobias Acker, a horseshoer of this place was kicked in the head by a vicious horse which he was shoeing and severely injured. Acker is the man, who won fame a few years ago by sailing from New York to Boston in a box. He is a professional swimmer and an all-round athlete.

Miners Refused More Pay.

Frostburg, Md., June 15.—All the miners in the Elk Lick or Myersdale region, numbering between 500 and 700, are on strike because their demand for an increase of five cents per ton for mining coal has not been granted. Their pay heretofore has been 40 cents per ton.

Kode Race Against Death.

Atlanta, Ga., June 15.—Gus Kelsler, of Lakewood Heights, swallowed half a cupful of paris green by mistake. He jumped on his horse and rode toward here, falling off his horse unconscious. Dr. Crussella attended him and he finally revived.

Another Victim Dead.

Sioux City, Iowa, June 15.—Another name has been added to the list of victims of the big tornado near Salix, Iowa. Bessie Malloy, aged 19, dying in the hospital here. It is thought all the rest of the injured will recover.

Disembodied Body Identified.

New York, June 15.—The disembodied body at the Brooklyn Morgue has positively been identified as that of Frank Peterson, a Swedish sailor. The body was found in the bay on Saturday.

Gold Democrats to Meet.

Cincinnati, June 15.—It is said that Henry Watterson has telegraphed leading Gold Democrats who remained with the party to meet in New York June 15-17 for conference. It is added that the meeting will be of importance.

Great Damage by Cloudburst.

Winona, Minn., June 15.—This city is damaged \$200,000 by a cloudburst that broke over it. All railroads are shut out except the Burlington route.

The Lows in Drydock.

Seattle, June 15.—The battleship Iowa has been placed in drydock to undergo needed repairs.

GREENLAND.

GREENLAND, June 16.—We noticed that several people of Portsmouth have lately been talking about our roads here in Greenland, saying that the town ought to be indicted for having such rough roads. Now these same parties ought only look at things nearer home, it would be a good idea. For instance, look at the road from the top of Powder house hill going towards the Plains, and if there is anything in Greenland that compares with that road, why, I will willingly take back any remark which I have made.

I noticed yesterday a mule belonging to Mr. S. A. Schuman of Portsmouth had what horse-men call a rowel placed in its breast. I took the liberty of inquiring what it was for, and a certain gentleman told me that the animal was a cigarette fiend, and the rowel was placed there to let some of the nicotine off the animal's stomach. Not a bad answer either, but hope that none of our sports will ever have to have that operation performed upon them.

Master Ralph Lowd is the proud possessor of his first new bicycle.

Mr. Chas. Johnson and mother were in Portsmouth yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. William Jenkins of Portsmouth was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Jenkins yesterday afternoon.

The rain means dollars to the farmers, and they are more than pleased to see it.

It is rumored that Mr. James Piper will have 300 boxes of strawberries this season, and it's not much of a time for berries either.

Children Sunday at the Methodist church next Sunday.

EX-SENATOR BLAIR WRITES ABOUT THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

The following interesting letter was received today from Ex-Senator Henry Blair of Washington:

I called upon the Adjutant General and Secretary Mikeljohn in the absence of Secretary Alger. They are straining every nerve and depleting every post for recruits for the Philippines. The Boston troops are sent west and the western to the seat of war. The department feels obliged to have a few troops at Boston as the most important point east of New York. The officials seem to regret it, but are evidently hard pushed for troops and I saw at once that the case only needed to be explained to our patriotic people. The Indian posts and stations on the frontiers are being called upon for most of their garrisons. It looks to me as though we ought to put in double or more the men we are using for now we are just educating the Philippines in the art of war. First we know it will take several years and half a million of men and three or four billions of dollars to finish the war.

Truly Yours
H. W. BLAIR.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Paymaster T. Hicks has been detailed to duty as assistant chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts, relieving Pay Inspector H. G. Colby, who will, however, continue his other duties in the bureau.

Chief Engineer A. Henderson has been granted six months' leave of absence with permission to leave the United States.

Passed Assistant Surgeon W. C. Braisted has been ordered to the Detroit, relieving Passed Assistant Surgeon M. S. Guest, who is ordered home.

Commander E. H. Gheen has been detached from duty in the hydrographic office and ordered to command the Marietta.

Commander C. C. Allibone has been detached from duty as inspector of the ninth lighthouse district and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant C. S. Stanworth has been detached from the naval station at Port Royal and ordered to duty in the bureau of ordnance.

Commanders R. T. Jasper and T. R. Stevens have been ordered to the War college, Newport, for instruction.

LOBSTERS DISAPPEARING.

"I tell you the lobster is going," said a well known fisherman on the water front this morning. Gradually he is disappearing and unless something sharp, like continued close time, is done, he'll be gone before we know it. It is another case where folks are so greedy that they eat their own head off."

Inquiry following this led to the discovery that it is the opinion of close observers hereabouts that notwithstanding the efforts of the United States Fish commission to restock the waters along the coast with lobsters, the annual supply has steadily decreased and the relative scarcity of this valuable crustacean has caused prices both for fresh and canned lobsters to advance this year beyond anything heretofore quoted. In 1899 or thereabouts the combined canneries of Maine turned out nearly half a million cans, but today there are comparatively few such factories owing to the falling off in the supply.

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Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It absorbs the humor, cures the itching, gives relief and cures. At Druggists.

For Sale by George Hill, Druggist

TALE OF A HAT.

had sat down on his hat. ere it was, a battered, useless, that had lately been so faultless, posing. ple who are wholly grown up need to be told that Lillian was young and painfully self-conscious. Most of them have memories, other very young persons may like told. They need all the comfort can get out of life. er while Lillian sat up, wiped yes and thought some more. What she do to redeem herself. she lered. Was there anything? e could send him a new hat. But hat might offend him. te him a note and tell him of her tion? That possibility was ing. t after all it is not Lillian's letters, he replies they elicited that count is story. Here is the first: ear Miss Stewart—I have so very, many things to say to you that I am at a loss to know just where gin. But capital things should eve precedence, and so I will begin, x ovo, but at capite. o no doubt remember that after— when my proud and lofty helm resting calmly and peacefully on a in Miss Beekman's drawing— You can imagine my horror I saw you sit down on it. It was 'or my hat at all! Oh, no! But ew there was an enormous cubic y within it, and I was terrified he fall from crown to brim should you. And when I saw you quite rmed I was happy. And now s the most curious part of my story, took my hat with me to college ollowing Monday. It had a basin-hollow of considerable depth on crown and looked very swaggy, heart swelled with pride when I ved the attention people were give— young women especially. One y friends accosted me enviously, 'I ght you didn't go in for style, and you have one of the most stylish in the college!' hen it dawned upon me why hed hats were so fashionable. It because some sweet and lovely girl left the stamp of personality upon A new study began for me. I nenced to divine the characters of oung women from the impress up- be various hats that perambulate college yard. And I assure you is no study so deeply interesting. things lose themselves in this. Ye te at a glance a man's mission on t. It is to wear a hat that has crushed by—well, I have told you, ver, JACK FIELDING." w, to an ordinary mind that would a most, reasonable and soothing —just whimsical enough to be ing. Nothing short of a genius in 'approach could have discovered re- in it. But Lillian found it. It—more remorse, and after an val note No. 2. Its expression of ession brought the following: ear Miss Stewart—"Joking aside," have taken the hat episode in a serious light. I now have only nished recollection of that even- and it is only after an effort that I succeeded in bringing the incident ind. I remember looking at my he other day and noticing that it not quite comme il faut, but for fe of me I could not have told to h of its numerous misfortunes its ing, fainting, and was due. was amused to hear that the mat- has been an occasion of self casti- to you. an only believe that you have tried ok at yourself, not through my as you express it, but through yes of a certain somebody you im- e me to be. That somebody is a priggish, sedate, serious and pe- c sort of a fellow, doubtless, but, een you and me, he and I have ing in common. In truth, my 'delight is to be amused, and not- muses me so much as the serious- with which people take me. Be- me, there is nothing serious in cept that desire not to be serious- ous. have already had more than its sy's worth of amusement out of my and I must express my gratitude ou, who have been the cause of it. Sincerely yours, JACK FIELDING." nused! He dared to be amused at tragedy—this unutterable disgrace had come upon her. Lillian again d consolation in her divan cush- and again lifted her head bravely em the current of her woe. He e, he should understand her posi- How could she meet him at the ns'—to-morrow and the Loomies' day after, knowing his contempt? could she see in his eye only sement where she had before—or the only imagine it—found tender-? She'd try again. rth went the third silly little note, herent, unintelligible, except to one knew hearts and so held the key, his intense surprise, the man to m it was addressed found that he stood it. Then, with every nook corner of his mind illumined by a t light, he read its two predeces- marveling at his obtuseness. id this is the massive a messenger ore to Lillian: ly Dear—Forgive me, but you are —and more. I suppose we might on all our lives writing crossness s about that hat, each only half rstanding the other. But I know tter way. You can't give me a hat, ow. I couldn't accept it and retain self-respect. But you can give me self. In other words, since you not crown my worthless head, n my life, worthless unless you JACK." S.—In this I am serious, if in ing else. And I'll let you buy all ats—afterward." the Masons' dinner two people d each other's hands under the ta- At the Loomies' tea the engage- was announced. ends the tale of a hat.—Gertrude eley in Chicago Tribune.

ELEPHANTS IN THE ARMY.

Some Points as to Their Employment By the British in India. One of the most interesting features of the English army life presented to the layman in India is furnished by the remarkable efficiency of the elephant brigade, most highly developed through the skill of the Burmese in handling the giant animals. Their usefulness in India can scarcely be imagined by one not familiar with the amount and variety of work which they accomplish, but it would be a serious mistake to imagine that this degree of usefulness is attained through any aptitude of the unwieldy animals or natural tendency toward it. It is due solely and entirely to the wonderful ability of the natives in training the huge animals and overcoming their natural inclinations. This cannot be too highly praised. Neither must it be imagined that the use of elephants in army life is not attended by great disadvantages, not the least of which is the difficulty with which they are transported. Naturally the elephant is not an intelligent animal. He can be taught remarkable things, in which his strength and endurance play an important part. He can never, however, perform these feats without continual attendance and direction. Abstractly, his power of work is unappreciable; when directed by skillful hands, however, it is remarkable. The transportation facilities which are provided for the use of the elephants are quite as remarkable, witnessed recently the loading and detrain- ing of a lot of elephants on the Madras Railway. Both were remarkable processes. In loading a rope is fastened to his fore-leg, and a lot of natives haul and pull at it to induce the animal to take the first steps into the car. This is only accomplished, however, by admonishing him in the haunch by means of a tusk. The first step taken is rapidly followed by the others until he stands safely on the car. This portion of the task is accom- plished comparatively easily, however, when compared with the next. At first he is timid and slightly frightened, but when the car starts his fear is won- derful to behold. Though he may ride a hundred times he never overcomes his fear, though it is much more pro- nounced when he takes his initial ride after, say two months' acquaintance with civilization. He renders the at- tachment of the car almost as great. They are raised by means of a canvas sling from the wharf to the ship struggling to escape and rending the air with the cries. Once aboard ship they are easily managed, the motion not affecting them, because they do not see the moving panorama before them. Unloading them is easy. They are lowered to a raft beside the ship and allowed to swim ashore. They take to the water easily and are excellent swimmers, being able to swim eight or ten miles at a stretch without tiring. The size of the Indian elephant is usually about eight feet in height and ten feet in length. The male is a little larger, perhaps, eleven feet, and weighing about 5,000 pounds. A Fore and Simple Poker Story. This is a poker story pure and simple. It was a particularly naughty game, too, because it was played by a young woman of high social standing against her own father, and the cheating that went on—but that came later in the tale. The thing really began last summer. This particular girl began to tease her respected papa for a new horse and trap. Papa pleaded poverty, but the young woman kept on until the other night the thing was at last decided. "I think it's mean," she cried almost tearfully. "You and Uncle Tom and the boys were playing poker last night, and I know you won. You might give me that trap." Papa laughed and said something about penny ante, but one of the afore- mentioned "boys" who happened to be present suddenly looked up at the woe- begone maiden with a sly wink. "I tell you what, Uncle Ned," he drawled, "suppose you play her for it. If you win she's never to mention it again under penalty of starvation, and if she wins she can have it." Papa poot-hoed a bit, but Uncle Tom came in and joined against him, the girl herself was willing, and so, as her luck on the few occasions when she had played poker had been proverbially bad, at last her eternal parent relented, and the game began without his host. But he had counted without his host. There were three, not one, against him, and "the cards they were stacked in a way that I grieve." He began to lose and kept on losing. He held fair hands, but his daughter's were always a little better, and for such a greenhorn at the game she played them with a skill that was remarkable. Of course she won. The game was got up with the express purpose that she should win. And equally, of course, she meant the trap. She has it now. They go to tell papa the "little joke," but they haven't yet, because he is about to use improper language to his host, the dainty little comes in view. Also, incidentally, he has left off playing poker. "She's his can't afford it. Where- at his wife is joyful. So wasn't that a case of one small wrong making two right?" Ancestors. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty proud ob dah ancestors. But ef de ol' folks was alive I has my doubts 'bout whethub de feelin would be reciprosified." Filling a Prescription. "My doctor says I ought to lead an active life." "Well, say, marry my wife's sister; she will keep you on the jump."

A STORY OF INDIA.

A group of British officers were seated in the quarters of one of their number in the garrison of Calcutta. Chester Ashby, captain of dragoons, seemed the most deeply interested. "It is certainly strange," observed a young lieutenant, "where Miss Blatchford could have disappeared to. That it is a case of abduction there is little doubt in my mind, but who is there who would dare to perpetrate such a crime?" "I know not, Will," returned Ashby, "but as sure as there is a heaven above us I will find her, if I have to search through every palace and hovel in India. Gentlemen, she is my affianced bride, and dead or alive find her I will." As the young soldier crossed the parade ground a white-robed, dusky form followed closely behind him. When the two reached a spot where the light which streamed from the barrack windows did not penetrate, the native touched the European gently and whispered: "Would Ashby sahib find the lost maiden? If so, Ali can direct him to where she lingers." "What? You?" "Sahib, she is even now a prisoner in the palace of the rajah of Jodhpore." "What! In the power of that heathen prince! By my sword, I'll go to the colonel at once and ask permission to order out my dragoons and tear his glittering abode down about his ears." "Stay, sahib!" quickly rejoined the faithful servant. "If English soldiers were seen about the palace of the rajah the feeble spark of life which still flutters in the bosom of the white maiden would die." "What! Would the villain murder her?" "Sahib! Ali has said the maiden would die and leave no trace of her death. Listen, sahib. The slaves of the rajah are the friends of Ali, and it is they who have told him of their master's captive. Would Ashby sahib enter the palace of the rajah unaccompanied, save by Ali?" "Why does the light of the rajah's eyes weep? It should bring joy to the heart to be the chosen one of so great a lord, and a lovely Hindoo girl knelt at the feet of Agnes Blatchford, who was sobbing bitterly." She offered no reply to the kindly meant speech of her companion. Presently the damask portiere at one end of the salon was lifted and the rajah himself entered. "When will the light of my life cease weeping? And when will a smile adorn the face of her who is loved by the rajah of Jodhpore?" Agnes Blatchford sprang to her feet, and, turning upon her persecutor, exclaimed, "Never, wretch, never, until she is restored to the home of her father." The native prince might have made answer had it not been for the entrance of a sable Nubian, who, falling flat upon his face, begged forgiveness for the intrusion. "Speak, slave. What would you at this time?" "Most mighty and powerful rajah," said the black. "Will it please the son of a king to look upon that which his servant has brought him?" "The curiosity of the rajah is aroused. Let him see." The Nubian arose and left the apartment but reappeared in a moment, ushering in a closed palanquin, which was borne upon the shoulders of four blacks like himself. A sardonic smile played about the lips of the rajah as he stepped forward to lift the rich curtain of the litter. The next moment he started back in horror with his right hand clapping the hilt of his scimitar. But before he could draw the blade the sword of Capt. Ashby was at his throat. "Wretch!" exclaimed the soldier, "were you a Christian I would award you a moment to make your peace with the Almighty! But, infidel dog that you are, look your last upon things earthly, for your time has come!" The rajah essayed to call for assistance, but the call died away upon his lips, for his eyes fell upon a body of dragoons that were rapidly filling the apartment. Lieut. Carleton sprang forward and struck up the blade of his captain. "Your pardon, sir! Do not forget and overstep your authority. This rajah is a man of high position. The British Government should deal with him." "Lieutenant, I thank you," returned the captain, with more composure. "Secure our royal prisoner well. I hold you responsible for his safety." It was now that Capt. Ashby first seemed to take notice of the girl whom he had rescued. Springing to her side, disregarding the presence of his soldiers, the captain clasped her in his arms. The faithful Ali had, as he said, obtained the information as to the whereabouts of the young English girl from the servants of the native prince, who without exception, hated the tyrannical despot. It was he who suggested to the captain to effect the rescue of Miss Blatchford by entering the abode in a palanquin, for he felt that if his master could reach the side of the young lady he could protect her from the fury of the rajah until his soldiers could gain an entrance and come to the support. To-day the happiest woman in India is the young wife of the captain of dragoons while the rajah of Jodhpore has been deposed from his high rank and made to pay an enormous sum for his audacity in abducting from her home an English lady.—Omaha World-Herald.

AN INCONVENIENT BIRD.

A Mississippi Housewife's Experience With a Familiar Guest. In the days "before the war" a family of hard-working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer. One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner. That Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it. The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch, where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes. At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb. The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said: "You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected." The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his knees and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke: "Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird." The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said: "Why is the turkey inconvenient?" "Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest. The woman frowned. Strictly Business. The manager of the bicycle agency was clearly suffering from a dyspeptic mind or a pessimistic stomach. It was late in the morning when he arrived at his place of business, and without a word he walked over to the desk at which one of the salesmen was seated. He looked over the salesman's shoulder, and then, with an unnamable infection in his voice, commented: "I thought I paid you a salary to sell bicycles." "That's what I am trying to do." "Do you call scribbling all over that pad of paper selling bicycles?" "No." "And what kind of arithmetic do you call that column of figures there, mere child's play to kill time?" "What column of figures do you mean?" "The one on the corner of the desk. You have written '75' and scratched it out; then '74' and so on down to '50'." "I suppose that strikes you as trifling." "Assuredly." "Well, it isn't. That represents a strenuous effort to dispose of one of our seventy-five dollar wheels to a deaf and dumb man." Character Analysis. "No," said Colonel Stillwell. "I don't yearn for his society. Understand me; I don't say foh a minute that he is not as perfect a gentleman as grows. But a man's previous associations will necessarily influence his character." "What do you know of his previous associations?" "Nothing personally. But I observe that he can't be satisfied to play half a dozen games of poker without counting over the entire pack of kyards." Personal Appearance. "Do you think that women are much influenced by a man's personal appearance?" asked one young man. "I should say so," replied the youth with a peachy complexion and curly hair. "Apollo was all right in his days, but he'd have to put on quilted trousers and wear a foot-ball mask to make any impression now." In Dreamland. Walter (to proprietor)—Just see this joint; it's all burned up! I can't set that before a customer. Proprietor—Serve it to that lady and gentleman there. They are a bridal couple—they'll never know the difference. It Looked Suspicious. Weary Wraggs—So de woman started fer yer wid an ax, and yer skipped? Do yer t'ink she meant murder? Trotter Long—Well, I'm willing ter give her de benefit uv de doubt, but I thought she meant work! One Way Out of It. "Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?" "I don't know, mum, unless ye raises me wages." Just Before the Engagement. Miss Sweetly—"When I was being shown over the treasury in Washington they let me hold a package of bills worth a million dollars in my hand." Mr. Loverly—"And it didn't increase your value one bit." Equal to the Occasion. Maul—"Did you not call for help when he kissed you?" Marie—"No; he didn't need any."

HIS LAST ESCAPE.

Twelve at night. A stormy, black night. Some flashes of lightning upon a granite prison. Also a vision of a man sawing savagely at his iron bars in the second tier. He stooped to squeeze a sponge of oil upon the glittering saw. He has seen two above, two below and two on the left on previous nights and secreted his work with bits of old bread, rubbed into the filings. Now he has cut one, and is at work upon the last. The window is far above the floor, and he stands upon a stool. He suddenly stops as a flash comes upon him; he sinks back out of sight and buries his face with his hand. An instant passes. He recovers. He reappears at the grate, seizes it in his enormous hands, and wrenches it madly. It yields, breaks, and he staggers back with it in his hand, and falls upon the floor, stunned and bleeding. Although a murderer, he prays to some power which he blasphemously calls his God, and leaps to his feet and grasps a bunchy, tattered coil of stripped bedclothing, affixes it to a stump of a remaining bar, and plunges outward and downward by the wall. It is the work of a minute his palms are scorched; but he forgets them, reaches the end of his rope, trembles, shuts his eyes, and—drops. It is but a few feet. He dashes for the outer wall. A shed is one round of his ladder, a bakery is another; he crawls across upon his stomach, gains the furthermost edge, and throws himself downward in the midst of a horrid burst of sound, a glare of light, and ten thousand shouts of alarm. Nothing stings him, no shot has struck him of the six hurled at him. He plunges through the water to his lips, gains a road and tears along; whistles shrilly with his remaining breath, is rushed upon by two men in coats and mufflers, is seized, thrown into a wagon and whirled away. His name is Richard Starkweather. A man so fierce that they have caught and caged him for his crimes a dozen times, but a dozen times he has escaped. This last time he has been shut up and guarded with great closeness, but this time, also, like all the rest, he has broken out and is flying rapidly. Two friends have communicated with him in some mysterious way and supplied him with the necessary implements, and these same friends now are driving him off to safety. He does not know where they drive for he has nearly fainted. They know, however, and rush onward and into a forest, where there is a hunter's hut. Into this they carry him and hide him. They bathe him tenderly and care for him like women. Two days pass. He is well, though weak and nervous. On each day one of the men goes away and comes back laughing at the tumult Starkweather's escape has made, and bringing food with him. They say \$2,000 reward is offered by the State for his body, and they laugh all the more, and Starkweather joins them heartily. On the third day he lies partly covered with moss within the hut, with his eyes closed, trying to sleep off his nervousness. One of the men comes back from the town, and after looking at him a moment, goes outside to talk with the other, while he listens curiously. One of them says, "He is asleep," and then they continue. As he hears what they say, his eyes open wide, they stare out of his head. He strains his ears, his breath forces itself from him. He hears feet running, and he lies down again, and is calm and quiet. They look in upon him again, and again say to each other, "He is asleep." An hour after they awake him to say that there is danger, and they must go to-morrow, at night, and hide elsewhere. He smiles gratefully. To-morrow comes. Night comes. He hides an iron bar in his shirt, and they get into the wagon cautiously, one on each side of him, and drive off. They come to a road which forks. They take the right. He puts his hand to his breast, and says: "Take the left!" They stare at him, and keep on. He orders them again: "Take the left, or halt!" They suddenly seem to comply; they turn the horse sharply to the left, the forewheel gets under the body of the wagon, and it is hurled over, and falls with a crash. A shrill whistle bursts upon the night, and fifty men and fifty lights are on the road at once. There is a great shout, a sharp cry, a scuffle with desperate blows, and they have him fast. He is cut and bleeding. His two betrayers stand before him, and all the rest about him. He glares at them and gasps. His mouth is filled with dust, and he can say nothing at first, but finally bursts out like a wild animal: "Look here, men!" he shouts, nodding at the two before him. "I heard them plan to turn me over to you! I heard them plan out the blood-money between them! They have played me false! they are betrayers when they pretended to be friends. "They helped me out of jail in order to surrender me again! Curse them! may their souls—" He is in a horrible fury; he bursts from his captors with his herculean strength, and with the iron bar, falls upon the two like a thunderbolt. Two crashes follow! Two dead bodies fall together upon the sod. They all rush upon him and drag him off and hold him tightly. Then to a tree, a rope follows, a knot is seen, a pale face, a throw is made over a limb, fifty lights dance in the air, fifty shouts of vengeance are heard, and a shinned form, writhing and distorted, shoots into the air, and struggles; it becomes quiet and still. They prove that it is dead, they toss their lights together and cheer fiercely, and disappear in fifty different paths, with one murderer and two scoundrels he less.

Strictly Business.

A lawyer trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case in the course of his cross-examination said — "You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening during all this time?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "Were you and he interested in any business together?" "Yes, sir," answered the man, unhesitatingly. "Ah! Now, will you be good enough to tell us how and to what extent and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested?" "Well, I have no objection to telling. I was courting his daughter." "More Experience. "I dunno's I kin git my money back," said Mr. Cornsness, as he ruefully rubbed his brow. "But I must say as how I ain't going to recommend any customers to that concern." "Have you been makin' investments?" "I sent a dollar to a man who advertised that he would tell a sure way to make money fast." "Didn't you get any answer?" "Yes. He says 'put glue on it.'" There Are Others. Tom—Do you have any trouble meeting your creditors? Dick—No. It's easy enough to meet them—the trouble is to avoid them. DANGER AVERTED. If a man should cross a deadly snake in his pathway, he would quickly crush it beneath his heel before it could sink its poisonous fangs into his flesh. He would not step out of the way and temporize with the dangerous reptile. And yet how many people are there who temporize with a still more deadly enemy—consumption. Like a silent serpent, it glides along almost unnoticed. First a cold, or sore throat, then a slight cough, then catarrh, then bronchitis, then bleeding from the lungs and finally death. The way to crush out the threatening evil is to fortify the system and purify the blood with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Every weakness and abnormal condition that precedes consumption is cured by this non-alcoholic remedy. At the first sign of derangement of stomach, liver and blood, look out! It is only a question of time until the lungs will be attacked through the impure blood, and then the danger will be most deadly. It should be known to every sick person that Dr. R. V. Pierce will give carefully considered, fatherly, professional advice by mail to all who write him at Buffalo, N. Y. No charge or fee of any nature is demanded. "I am a railroad agent," writes L. B. Staples, Esq., of Barclay, Osage Co., Kans. "And four years ago, my work keeping me in a warm room and stepping out frequently into the cold air gave me bronchitis, which became chronic and deep seated. Doctors failed to reach my case. A friend advised me to try Dr. Pierce's medicine, and by the time I had taken the first bottle I was better and after taking four bottles my cough was entirely gone. This was a year ago last winter, and again last winter I took about three bottles to prevent a return of the trouble." An honest dealer will not try to persuade you to take a worthless substitute, place your order with the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the sake of a little added profit. Buy Now! HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagon, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages. Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices. Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy. THOMAS McCUE, Stone Stable — Fleet Street NEWARK CEMENT COBB'S EXTRA LIME — AND — DRAIN PIPE. We receive weekly shipments FRESH STOCK. J. A. & A. W. WALKER Gray & Prime DELIVER IN BAGS! NO DUST NO NOISE. 1.1 Market St. Telephone 24

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

Southern Division. PORTSMOUTH BRANCH. (Winter Arrangement, Oct. 1, 1899.) Leave the following stations for Manchester Concord and intermediate stations— Portsmouth, 8:30 a. m., 12:45, 5:35 p. m.; Greenland Village, 8:39 a. m., 12:54, 5:39 p. m.; Rockingham Junction, 9:04 a. m., 1:07, 5:36 p. m.; Epping, 9:28 a. m., 1:31, 5:08 p. m.; Raymond, 9:42 a. m., 1:22, 5:18 p. m. Returning leave Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 3:30 p. m.; Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a. m., 4:30 p. m.; Raymond, 9:10, 11:45 a. m., 5:08 p. m.; Epping, 9:25 a. m., 12:05, 5:15 p. m.; Rockingham Junction, 9:47 a. m., 12:17, 5:44 p. m.; Greenland Village, 10:01 a. m., 12:30, 5:58 p. m. Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnbury, Newbury, Vt.; Montreal and the west. Eastern Division. TRAINS LEAVE PORTSMOUTH for Boston, 5:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:55, a. m., 2:21, 5:28, 7:28 p. m. Sundays, 7:30, 8:30 a. m., 2:21, 5:00 p. m. Returning, 1:30, 3:30, 10:15 a. m., 12:30, 5:30, 4:45, 7:30, 7:45 p. m. Saturdays, 4:30, 8:30 a. m., 6:40, 7:30 p. m. Portland 5:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 5:50, 9:30 p. m. Sundays, 10:45 a. m., 8:55 p. m. Returning, 2:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 a. m., 12:45 p. m. Somersworth and Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, a. m., 2:10, 5:45, 9:30 p. m. Returning, Leave Somersworth, 6:55, 7:32, 10:01 a. m., 4:05, 8:55 p. m.; Leave Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 8:50, 6:25 p. m. Sundays, 7:30 a. m., 8:50 p. m. North Conway, 9:55 a. m., 9:45 p. m. Returning, 7:25 a. m., 4:15 p. m. Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:30, 2:40, 5:28, 8:30 p. m. Sundays, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 8:57 p. m. Returning 6:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:05, 4:30, 8:10, 9:22 p. m. Sundays, 7:30 a. m., 9:22 p. m. GOVERNMENT FERRY TIME TABLE. Leave Navy Yard—8:00, 8:30, 8:40, 9:15, 10:15, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:00, 4:45, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45, 10:15 a. m., 12:10, 12:30 p. m. Holidays 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m. Leave Portsmouth—8:10, 8:30, 8:50, 9:15, 11:00 a. m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:35, 3:30, 4:20, 5:50, 6:10, 10:00 p. m. (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) 8:10, 9:30, 10:00 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:30, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m. "From May until October. Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway SPRING TIME TABLE. In Effect April 25, 1899. Until further notice cars will run as follows: Leave ferry landing, Kittery, for York Beach—7 00, 8 00, 9 00, 10 00, 11 00 a m 12 00 m; 1 00, 2 00, 3 00, 4 00, 5 00, 6 00 7 00, 8 00, 9 00, 10 00 p. m. For Sea Point—6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a m; 12 30, 1 30, 2 30, 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30, 11 00 p. m. Leave York Beach for Portsmouth— 5 45, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a m; 12 30, 1 30, 2 30, 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30 p. m. For Kittery Point only, 10 30. The ferry steamer leaves the Spring Market landing every half hour from 6 50 a m to 10 50 p m, making close connections with cars scheduled to leave ferry landing, Kittery. Leaving ten minutes before the even hour and half hour. Sunday time same as on week days except that the first car leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery, at 8 00 a m, and York beach at 7 30 a m. For special and extra cars address W. G. McLEON, Supt. Granite State Fire Insurance Company OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000 OFFICERS: President, FRANK JONES; Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN; Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD; Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY; Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSOOM; Executive Committee, FRANK JONES JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINGLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE and E. H. WINCHESTER. (See with you whether you continue the service with this company. No 20-25-30-40-50-60-70-80-90-100-110-120-130-140-150-160-170-180-190-200-210-220-230-240-250-260-270-280-290-300-310-320-330-340-350-360-370-380-390-400-410-420-430-440-450-460-470-480-490-500-510-520-530-540-550-560-570-580-590-600-610-620-630-640-650-660-670-680-690-700-710-720-730-740-750-760-770-780-790-800-810-820-830-840-850-860-870-880-890-900-910-920-930-940-950-960-970-980-990-1000-1010-1020-1030-1040-1050-1060-1070-1080-1090-1100-1110-1120-1130-1140-1150-1160-1170-1180-1190-1200-1210-1220-1230-1240-1250-1260-1270-1280-1290-1300-1310-1320-1330-1340-1350-1360-1370-1380-1390-1400-1410-1420-1430-1440-1450-1460-1470-1480-1490-1500-1510-1520-1530-1540-1550-1560-1570-1580-1590-1600-1610-1620-1630-1640-1650-1660-1670-1680-1690-1700-1710-1720-1730-1740-1750-1760-1770-1780-1790-1800-1810-1820-1830-1840-1850-1860-1870-1880-1890-1900-1910-1920-1930-1940-1950-1960-1970-1980-1990-2000-2010-2020-2030-2040-2050-2060-2070-2080-2090-2100-2110-2120-2130-2140-2150-2160-2170-2180-2190-2200-2210-2220-2230-2240-2250-2260-2270-2280-2290-2300-2310-2320-2330-2340-2350-2360-2370-2380-2390-2400-2410-2420-2430-2440-2450-2460-2470-2480-2490-2500-2510-2520-2530-2540-2550-2560-2570-2580-2590-2600-2610-2620-2630-2640-2650-2660-2670-2680-2690-2700-2710-2720-2730-2740-2750-2760-2770-2780-2790-2800-2810-2820-2830-2840-2850-2860-2870-2880-2890-2900-2910-2920-2930-2940-2950-2960-2970-2980-2990-3000-3010-3020-3030-3040-3050-3060-3070-3080-3090-3100-3110-3120-3130-3140-3150-3160-3170-3180-3190-3200-3210-3220-3230-3240-3250-3260-3270-3280-3290-3300-3310-3320-3330-3340-3350-3360-3370-3380-3390-3400-3410-3420-3430-3440-3450-3460-3470-3480-3490-3500-3510-3520-3530-3540-3550-3560-3570-3580-3590-3600-3610-3620-3630-3640-3650-3660-3670-3680-3690-3700-3710-3720-3730-3740-3750-3760-3770-3780-3790-3800-3810-3820-3830-3840-3850-3860-3870-3880-3890-3900-3910-3920-3930-3940-3950-3960-3970-3980-3990-4000-4010-4020-4030-4040-4050-4060-4070-4080-4090-4100-4110-4120-4130-4140-4150-4160-4170-4180-4190-4200-4210-4220-4230-4240-4250-4260-4270-4280-4290-4300-4310-4320-4330-4340-4350-4360-4370-4380-4390-4400-4410-4420-4430-4440-4450-4460-4470-4480-4490-4500-4510-4520-4530-4540-4550-4560-4570-4580-4590-4600-4610-4620-4630-4640-4650-4660-4670-4680-4690-4700-4710-4720-4730-4740-4750-4760-4770-4780-4790-4800-4810-4820-4830-4840-4850-4860-4870-4880-4890-4900-4910-4920-4930-4940-4950-4960-4970-4980-4990-5000-5010-5020-5030-5040-5050-5060-5070-5080-5090-5100-5110-5120-5130-5140-5150-5160-5170-5180-5190-5200-5210-5220-5230-5240-5250-5260-5270-5280-5290-5300-5310-5320-5330-5340-5350-5360-5370-5380-5390-5400-5410-5420-5430-5440-5450-5460-5470-5480-5490-5500-5510-5520-5530-5540-5550-5560-5570-5580-5590-5600-5610-5620-5630-5640-5650-5660-5670-5680-5690-5700-5710-5720-5730-5740-5750-5760-5770-5780-5790-5800-5810-5820-5830-5840-5850-5860-5870-5880-5890-5900-5910-5920-5930-5940-5950-5960-5970-5980-5990-6000-6010-6020-6030-6040-6050-6060-6070-6080-6090-6100-6110-6120-6130-6140-6150-6160-6170-6180-6190-6200-6210-6220-6230-6240-6250-6260-6270-6280-6290-6300-6310-6320-6330-6340-6350-6360-6370-6380-6390-6400-6410-6420-6430-6440-6450-6460-6470-6480-6490-6500-6

SOME PECULIAR ANIMALS.

The Philippine Islands Will Add New Beasts to Zoological Gardens.

A REMARKABLE BUFFALO

Tunnels Pathways Through Thick Bamboo Undergrowth—Hunted on Hands and Knees.

Philippine Squirrel Another Odd Creature About the Size of a Mouse—A Wild Pig Distinguished by a Little Same—A Monster Fruit-Eating Bat—A Much-Prized Alligator.

One freak beast which will excite curiosity in our zoological gardens is the tamarau, a dwarf buffalo found in the forests of Mindanao of the Philippine group. It is a stunted form of the Old World buffalo, not of the American bison. It sometimes occurs high up in the mountains. It tunnels pathways through the thick bamboo undergrowth covering the mountain sides above 6,000 feet. Hunters must go about on hands and knees to follow these trails. The aborigines never hunt this little beast, being deadly afraid of it.

The midget Philippine squirrel is another odd creature. It is about the size of a mouse, has legs longer in proportion than those of the ordinary squirrel, large eyes and rounded ears. A



PALM TREE BORIO.

Large brown rat, gray underneath and with a squirrel-like head and eyes, but black, coiled like a tail, is of still greater interest from an extraordinary point of view. It is discovered to be the last link long needed to complete the chain of relationship between the true rat and the water rats. A wild pig, distinguished by the name of "Sus cebensis Philippineensis," is found throughout the whole Philippine group. It is exceedingly tame, and is not afraid of man, when it hides in the forest, but sallies forth during the night into the native maize and rice fields, where it does much damage. The natives call this badly behaved pig "Rabul."

The Philippines will also contribute a giant fruit-eating bat. All American bats, of course, subsist entirely upon insects, and are provided with sharp teeth with which to nip them. The fruit-eating bat of these islands is larger than a rat, has a long head and blunt teeth. It makes nightly incursions upon the banana plantations and other fruit preserves. During the day it sleeps hanging head downward from a tree.

In Bataan, of the Philippine group, is found a chervetain, or a "mouse deer," a tiny little pigmy as cunning as a fox, and which when snared flings death until freed, when it leaps up like lightning flash and takes to the forest, leaving the inexperienced trapper in great surprise. The Philippines also contain civets, wildcats, porcupines, lizards, snakes and alligators. The "chacón," one variety of alligator, is prized by the natives as affording immunity against earthquake shock.

Education Among Filipinos.

The Review of Reviews translates from a Spanish book some information in regard to the extent of education among the Filipinos that will be startling to most American readers. The author is Senor Juan Caro y Mora, who for some years was editor of a Spanish newspaper in Manila. His book was written before the war between the United States and Spain, but while the Filipino insurrection raged under Rizal was in progress. It was intended for the enlightenment of the Spanish people, the evident purpose being to show that the native Filipinos were worthy of a more generous system of government than the arbitrary rule by which Spain had controlled them for so long.

"The indigenous Filipino possesses fundamental, rudimentary instruction (what we agree in calling primary instruction) in, perhaps, as much or greater perfection than any other people in the world. He shows himself desirous of learning, and in the immense majority of the natives can read, write and figure. He knows the rudiments of religion and morality, and shows a happy disposition to acquire that general fund of superficial culture which is all that the great mass of laboring people can aspire to anywhere in the world. On this point statistics furnish us eloquent and irrefutable data. The number who cannot write is very small, including the women, and the number is much less of those who have not learned to read, while those who lack at least the most fundamental and necessary religious and moral instructions are very rare indeed. The correctness of this observation may be proved if the first native one meets, even in the most remote sections, should be questioned, or, what would be still easier, by examining recruits in the army, who are drawn usually from the poorest masses of the people."

A Man With a Pen.

"Edgar, tell me the truth! Is there any black spot in your life before you know me?"

"Lottia, I will reveal all; when I was ten years old I used to piece quilts."—Detroit Free Press.

Just So.

Days when the business man has had an unsatisfactory breakfast the office boy has to earn his salary.—Somerville Journal.

ORIENTAL CANOES.

Curious Craft With Outriggers Still Used for Inter-Island Communication.

There is only one race of primitive man which makes its entrance upon the page of history by way of the sea. Other early races creep over mountain passes and evade the great water courses by flanking the distant foundations. They fear the great sea. It takes ages before they gain the courage to coast from cape to cape, and always in sight of land. The Polynesian of South Sea bursts into hazard of deep water voyaging. In all the families of his race save one, his story begins with the daring of the Pacific, the greatest ocean of all.

Call the roll of these families and see whence they came and how.

Hawaii? By canoe from Kahiki, which may be Tahiti, certainly is no nearer than the Marquesas.



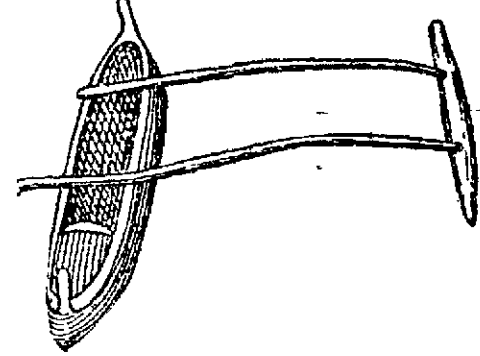
HAWAIIAN CANOE.

The Marquesas? From Hawaii, far across the Western sea. Tahiti? From Hawaii in the West. Rarotonga? From Awaiki, a land in the West and down to the leeward. The Maori of New Zealand? From Hawaii.

Any of these families tell of the tempestuous voyages of the ancestors from this mysterious land, of which all retain the name. It was the home of the race in the beginning. It was at that time that they learned to become sailors and ocean adventurers. The only family of the Polynesian race which does not begin in a legend of a dangerous trip across the waters is that of the Samoan. They believe that the earth was made at their archipelago, that they are themselves the first race of human beings. Ethnologists are agreed on one point; they acknowledge that even if Samoa is not the nest of the Polynesian race, still its largest island, Savaii, is carried in all these traditions as at least the place of the final dispersion of these colonies.

This gives us the shortest and the most direct line in the evolution of naval construction. By it we can judge how primitive man first essayed to build ships, a primitive man who was not afraid of the ocean. Compared with the brown race of the South Sea, the Tyrian navigators of remote antiquity and the Viking rovers of more recent ages are nothing but longshoremen. We are able to see in the present day what the primitive savages did in remote ages when he ventured on the sea. The Polynesian vessel is a type which has been reserved with almost absolute uniformity in all the wandering families of that race. It is the type of what the floating log became when human ingenuity was exerted to fit it for emergencies which arose early in savagery.

As Samoa is acknowledged to be the original cradle of the Polynesian race, the Samoan type of vessel may not improperly be assumed as containing all the elements of naval architecture as this badly beloved pig "Rabul."



SAMOAN CANOE.

known to the race at the time of the great dispersal, and therefore the most simple development of the early type of vessel. There is just time to catch the Samoan type before it vanishes. Already the boat copied after Caucasian models is displacing the native craft from end to end of the archipelago. Fifteen years ago there were many sailing canoes in Samoa; this year there is but one, and it is drawn up on a remote beach and left to fall into decay, never again to be used. The same change will continue to work; it will not be long before this primitive type of vessel will be but a museum curiosity.—Forest and Stream.

Filipino-Negro Strain.

The native Filipino does not know the vice of blasphemy; he is not ordinarily obscene in his speech, he is not quarrelsome; he is respectful to those who display authority; is docile and obedient, although he is weak and remiss in the performance of his duties; he bears no punishment and believes it to be just when he is guilty of a fault, but he becomes irritated if personally insulted, and he awaits with rancor and in cold blood the moment to avenge outrages done to his person or his family.

He likes very much to pass hours in idleness or in not very arduous conversation with his companions and friends. He is fond of feasts and pilgrimages, of play and betting, and easily spends in a day what has cost him months and even years to acquire. In his dealings with the European, when he attempts any business whatever, he cunning and crafty and tries to come out the gainer, to which end he will use deceit and even puerile artifices. He is fond of ostentation, pomp, noise, and spectacular display.

The senses exercise a greater influence upon him than is usual in other races, and from this cause proceeds the infantile vanity that makes many array themselves in elegant clothes, jewels, decorations, etc. He loves sensual pleasures, but not to the point, as some have alleged, of disregarding the laws of blood, not to the extreme of falling into abominations.

Although he appears silent and submissive, he is much given to quiet musing and to the criticizing of the acts of his superiors, especially those of the European, but this is done more in the way of curious and inquiring conversation than true criticism. He possesses normal intelligence, a good memory, and an aptitude for mechanics. He is a good workman when labor, necessity, or passion influence him, and in a few hours can perform rough and most laborious work, as is demonstrated by those employed in roving, in the cultivation of sugar, or in the work of day laborers. Lacking incentive, however, he inclines to idleness, in which he sees nothing worthy of censure.

SKETCH OF PORTO RICO.

An American's Observations of Picturesque Adjuntas and Its People.

A VERY PRETTY TOWN

The Plaza Filled With Rows of All Kinds, Palms and Various Flowering Bushes.

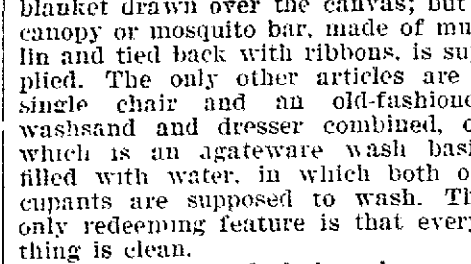
People Dark in Color, Bearing Facial Characteristics of Both Negro and Indian—Their Ignorance is Surprising—Their Chief Article of Food is Plantains, a Species of Bananas.

Situated as it is in a valley, with mountains on all sides, Adjuntas, aside from being delightfully beautiful, is picturesque. The town is exceedingly pretty with its little square plaza in the center, filled with the ceceily pretty with its little square all sorts of flowering bushes. In the center of the plaza is a lamp-post with a lamp that is seldom lighted. Near the entrance is a little store, built like an American garden house, and in this can be bought all kinds of figs, coffee, bread and fruit. At intervals around the plaza are placed seats; and among the flowers are the remains of two fountains. All the best stores—two—the casino or saloon, shoe shop, hotel, tailor shop, and a number of many houses as crowded in, face the plaza. All the stores sell liquor at remarkably cheap prices. For instance, a nipa grade of cheap sherry can be had for 60 cents, American money. Liqueurs and wines are especially cheap; but the stores carry very few dry goods, as the people are poor chiefly on the vendors of small goods, who go through the streets with baskets on their heads, from whom you can buy anything from a baby's rubber ring to a very pretty dress.

All the saloons, or casinos as they are called, have gambling rooms that are constantly crowded. For instance, this is a great gambling country. Every afternoon a cock fight is held to which all go, both young and old; even the children of seven or eight betting. A priest there gambles and the said to win more than any one else at monte. On nearly every corner are little stands with oranges, bananas and peanuts for sale at ridiculously low prices. Two centavos or a cent is the price of three oranges and the little bananas, as they are called, sell six for a cent.

The hotel from the outside looks like a shanty, and as far as building goes it is one. Entering, you find yourself in a large square room; in the center is a table with a lot of flowers, and facing the table, a row on each side, are rocking chairs; against the wall are straight-backed chairs. The only other furnishings are a large mirror and two other tables, one bare, the other with plants. The room opens into the dining room, where a long table covered with brown oilcloth and the chairs are the only articles of furniture. The bedrooms are small, with two single beds in each, devoid of springs, or mattresses; simply with sheets and one blanket drawn over the canvas; but a canopy of mosquito netting, made of fine and tied back with ribbons, is supplied. The only other articles are a single chair and an old-fashioned washstand and dresser combined, on which is an agateware wash basin filled with water, in which both occupants are supposed to wash. The only redeeming feature is that everything is clean.

The people are dark in color; even the Porto Ricans of the better class look as though they had a tinge of negro blood and a little Indian. The latter is seen in the very lowest classes, in the high cheek bone, sunk-in eyes and very straight black hair. The Spaniards seem purer blooded, more intelligent, in fact superior in every respect to the Porto Rican. These people are not only lazy, but ignorant and dirty; they never bathe and always appear to have on the same clothes. As a general rule both men and women go without shoes or stockings, and the children often wear no clothes. Their chief food is plantains, a species of bananas, which they boil; oranges, bread and bananas. Meat is so expensive that many of



EDIBLE CRABS.

them have never tasted it, and they show it, for they are undersized and anemic looking. Their ignorance is sometimes surprising. One day I heard the town physician ask a man his name.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"What is your mother's name?"

"At that man's face brightened and he said: 'Just wait until I go up the street. I see a man that knows her name, but I don't.' That is one instance, and many more of similar nature could be cited.

During the coffee picking season the peons or laborers work, receiving 50 centavos, or about 30 cents, a day. At the end of the season instead of looking for other work, they grumble and enjoy life until their money is gone; then they begin to steal. This is the way they bury their dead—a rude box, shaped like a coffin, is made by a carpenter, or, if the friends have not the money for this, they rent the box for the occasion. It has no cover, but over the body is thrown a sheet. Many of these boxes are not even painted. This coffin is carried some distance on the shoulders of four men, officers two long sticks are fastened to the sides and in this way it is borne by only two. Other men relieve the bearers when they are tired, for usually these funerals come many miles. The body is first taken to the church, and then to the cemetery, where, if the coffin is not a rented one, it is buried, but if the coffin is hired, the body is taken out and thrown, not any too gently either, into the grave.

A HONOLULU BELLE

Miss Helen Wilder, Hostess to Sugar Plantation—Beautiful and Eccentric.

Honolulu, the city of the flowers, has a poliohema. Her name is Helen Wilder. She is a beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy sugar planter in Hawaii. She is twenty-five years old.

Miss Wilder is a regularly appointed special officer of the Hawaiian police force. She wears a uniform that is a mixture of the silver star that policemen wear and a police officer's uniform. She has made several arrests.

The honor of being a policeman was not forced upon Miss Wilder. To be exact she solicited it. The Hawaiian police force is a small one, and it was to protect her and her family from the thieves and robbers who were so numerous in Honolulu that she asked an appointment on the police force.

It was reported recently that the captain of a steamship that had put into port at Honolulu had kidnapped the children. Miss Wilder learned of this and found that for a short time the captain had locked the children in a room for several days, keeping them on a bread and water diet. To the astonishment of the protesting captain she promptly marched him down the gangplank and straight to jail.

Recently Miss Wilder has come into the courts through her zeal as a "cop." She detected one Cliff Hilderson, a street car driver, in the act of driving



HELEN KINCA WILDEP.

a male whose shoulder was bleeding from a chafing collar. She compelled him to leave his car and passengers and go with her to the police station, where she had him "booked" for cruelty to animals.

Hilderson claimed that as Miss Wilder had no warrant the arrest was illegal. He claimed \$5,000 damages. The courts decided in favor of Miss Wilder. Miss Wilder is a belle. She can dance like a fairy. She is past mistress of the feminine art of coquetry. Two men testify, in gleam of spirit to the fact that she is an adept at the game of hearts.

She rides a horse with the daring of a vaquero. She handles the reins with the deftness and daring of a stage driver. She swims and rows with the grace and strength of a Kanaka. But whatever she is or whatever she may be doing, she carries a pair of handcuffs to snap on the wrists of the enemies of children and animals. News has recently come by way of San Francisco that Miss Wilder has been married.

Sunday in Mexico.

Any unfortunate citizen of the United States who, from an unwillingness to work or take part in the various concerns of life, has acquired a reputation among his neighbors for being trifling, should emigrate at once to Mexico. Life there seems to wear about as serious an aspect as a comic opera, and such a citizen would be looked upon as a worthy addition to the chorus.

One of the important things in Mexican life is to own a gun, and on Sunday mornings if you leave him tied by the leg to a convenient aving post while you attend services in the church, you will excite no comment among your neighbors. In fact, the voice of the priest is often almost drowned by the crowing of the cocks and the cock-fighting and bull-fighting, as every one knows, occupy the same relative places in the affections of the Mexican as baseball and football hold in the American heart, and Sunday afternoon is reserved for them.

The policeman in a Mexican town is an official of importance and dignity. His uniform may be dirty and ragged, but he wears a cartridge belt and six-shooter in addition to his club, and is usually seen with a cigarette in his mouth. Five or six of these worthies will drag a poor trembling wretch to the police station with a flourish worthy of the capture of a brigand.

The Mexican wears a hat covered with gold and silver braid, that is usually worth more than all the rest of his and his family's wardrobe, and it is this, together with the gray-striped blanket and the swagger of the fellow that gives him such an air of stage make-up.

It is always dangerous to judge the people of a town by those met in evidence to set a valuation of the people I saw in some of these Mexican towns I should be tempted to make my calculations by the dozen or hundred rather than by the single native. With all their love of fiery, neither the men nor women are much given to gay colors. Black and white predominate, but the bright sun makes it all gay and fetching.

When a Mexican grows old he seems to shrink up until there is little to be seen of him but a big hat and a scrap of blanket pulled tight over his meagre shoulders. His head and hair stand out white and dislodge from his dark, shriveled face, which looks like that of a mummy, and the frame of white. Life in one of these towns is as absolutely different from what one sees in an American village as though it were a bit of Egypt or India. Yet it may be seen at the end of a three-days' journey from almost any of the Eastern and Northern States, and is well worth the journey. Harper's Weekly.

HUMOROUS SQUIBS.

An Arizona Haircut.

"Doesn't it disturb you when they have a shooting scrape next door?" asked the teller of a who was under going an Arizona haircut.

"Disturb me?" answered the barber. "It greatly makes it easier."

At this point the shooting began at Red Mike's saloon, next door. The teller's hair fell on end, and the barber trimmed it as expeditiously as if he were shearing a horse's neck.

An Evil Genius.

Country Kid—Hawkeye! What yer up to?

City Kid—Goin' ter sell me cigarets' shippers down through de floor and have some sport when de store enter 'em.

Country Kid (sneeringly)—Arr, go want dat ain't to fun. Go down cellar an' nail 'em up through de floor—den when he steps in 'em yer'll see some real sport. Ketch on?

All Gone.

The steamer rolled and pitched in the waves.

"Deah boy," groaned Cholly, at the end of his first hour on shipboard, "promise me you will send me remains to my people!"

A second hour passed.

"Deah boy," feebly moaned Cholly, "you needn't send my remains home. There won't be any."

Endue Familiarity Checked.

"Pretty Polly!" said the visitor, approaching the cage. "Want a?"

"My name," interrupted the parrot, speaking slowly and distinctly, "is Isben, and I want nothing. I am meditating."

"He's a queer bird," explained the hostess. "He won't eat anything but beans. I think my husband got him somewhere in the East."

Trouble Ahead.

"My son," said the indignant father, "I've stood your impudence just as long as I am going to stand it. You haven't had a whipping for a good while, but you're going to get one now. Take off your coat!"

"It won't be necessary, dad," replied the husky boy. "I can do you up with it on."

Not Fit for Anything.

"What's the matter with this money we are issuing?" said the Spanish minister of finance, angrily.

"I don't want it," replied the haughty gentleman. "You weren't satisfied with using inferior paper. You had to go and print all over it, so that it isn't even fit to write challenges on."

Everybody Satisfied.

"Dere's always bound to be kickers," exclaimed Meandering Mike. "Did you ever know a time when de people agreed unanimously dat dey had de right man in de right place?"

"Only once," replied Plodding Pete. "It was bein' put into jail on de occasion."

A Householder's Opinion.

Wickwire—I don't exactly like the idea of calling one of the new ships of war "The American Girl."

Yabsley—What is the matter with it? Wickwire—It sounds too tame. "The Hired Girl" would give a much better idea of destruction and desolation.

An Unfortunate Nephew.

"Say, pa, lemme take your cyclometer, won't you?"

"Certainly not. What do you want it for?"

"Aunt Jane's got hay fever, an' I want to see if she can't break 'it' sneezin' record."

A Poor Strike.

Lucy—"So you called on papa this afternoon, did you? And did he strike you as being inclined to favor our marriage?"

Tom—"No, he tried to strike me with a paper weight, but I dodged it."

Carried It Too Far.

Alkali Ike—So you killed that literary chap from down East?

Cactus Pete—Yep. His eddication stood him in good stead till he tried to read de cards in a poker game. Then it proved his ruin.

Not a Farmer, Either.

Old Party (watching man repairing trolley wire)—What's that fellow doing with those shears, my little man?

Raggy Nick (sarcastically)—Oh, g'long; don't you see he's a picking the currents?

Rare Old Stuff.

"I tell you," exclaimed the patriot, "the spirit of '76 is at work."

"You bet!" replied Swiller. "I just had about four fingers of it around at Finnigan's. It went down like oil."

Pangs.

The Sweet Young Thing—I wonder if you ever felt the pangs of love?

The Savage Rachel—I had a deep and abiding love for green apples when I was a small boy.

Reversed Circumstances.

Jones—"For a while Jones was clean out of his mind about that girl."

Smith—"And now?"

Jones—"Oh, now, the girl is clean out of his mind."

As Much as She Knew.

Lady Visitor—What a pretty baby! How old is he?

Mamie (aged five)—I ain't quite sure, mum. We've had him about a year.

To Do.

First Bunko Man—Is this old guy well-to-do?

Second Bunko Man—Both well and easy.

A Temperance Lecture.

"Doctor, what shall I take to prevent my nose from being so red?"

"Take? Take nothing."

SUNDAY SERVICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:00. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Sermons at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00. Prayer meetings—Tuesdays and Fridays, 7:15 p. m. All are invited.

FREEMAN BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Robert L. Deane, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior Christian Endeavor meeting at 2:00 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer and social meeting Friday evening.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

Church Hill, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector. Sunday, at 10:30 a. m., morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion, first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00 m. Holy days, 8:30 a. m. Evensong, Sundays, 3:00 p. m. Fridays, Ember days, in chapel at 5:00 p. m. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 p. m. At the evensong service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. At all the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

CHRIST CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

Madison street, head of Austin street, Rev. Charles LeV. Brine, rector. On Sundays, holy communion at 7:30, matins or holy communion at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 12:00 m., evensong at 7:30 p. m. On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 a. m., evensong (daily) at 5:00, on Friday, evensong at 7:30 p. m., holy communion, Thursday at 7:30 a. m. On holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 9:00 a. m., evensong at 7:30 p. m. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

State street, Rev. Wm. Warren, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00. Preaching service 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Court street, Rev. Myron Tyler, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcomed.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—UNIVERSALIST.

Pleasant street, corner Jenkins avenue. No pastor. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. Administration of the holy sacrament the first Sunday in the month at 11:45 a. m. Good music. Y. P. S. C. E. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30 in the vestry. Strangers are especially welcome.

CANTARIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m. All are invited.

ADVENT CHURCH.

C. M. Seaboard, pastor. Social service at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 2:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Royal Workers meeting at 6:30 p. m. Prayer service at 7:15 p. m. All are invited.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 3:00 p. m.

PEOPLE'S MISSION.

South ward room. Rev. A. W. Adams, pastor. Sunday school at 3:00 p. m. Praise meeting at 7:30 p. m. Preaching at 8:00 p. m. Praise and prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:00. Cottage meeting on Friday evening at 8:00. The public are cordially invited to attend these services, which are free to all.

Y. M. C. A.

Association rooms open from 9:00 to 10:30 a. m. and from 1:00 to 6:00 p. m. Men's meeting at 4:00 p. m. Open week days from 9:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m.

SALVATION ARMY.

Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 a. m. Holiness meeting at 10:00 a. m. Free and easy at 3:00 p. m. Salvation meeting at 8:00 p. m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. E. W.